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A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

BY G. L.

What shall I do when I'm old? you say.
Do you think I shall wish in vain
To recall the words I have said to-day,
When I spoke my thoughts so plain?
Do you think I shall wish in my sunless lot
That I had your wealth, though I loved you not?

I can picture a woman, aged and poor,
Toiling for daily bread,
Recalling hopes she can wake no more,
Remembering flow'rs that are dead,
And thinking sometimes when her heart beats low,
Of a happier youthtime long ago.

I can picture her treading a lonely way
Through a land whence Summer has flown,
Bearing Life's crosses from day to day,
And dying at last alone,
With never a friend or a kindred face
To follow her dust to its resting-place.

I can fancy this; but I know to her heart
Shall never a wish come nigh
That she had chosen the easier part
Of wealth that is bought with a lie,
And bartered her faith, a sordid thing,
For fear of the sorrow that age might bring.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

GAUNT nodded, and laid his hand on the ricketty gate of one of the cottages. As he did so, a girlish figure emerged from the doorway like a gleam of sunlight. It was Decima. She was looking over her shoulder, and saying something in her sweet, clear voice to the woman inside; then she turned her head and saw the two men, and stopped.

"Oh, what luck!" said Bright. "Here's Miss Deane! Now, she knows exactly what's wanted, she has been making friends of the people ever since she came, you know, and—Ah, Miss Deane, if you would be so kind as to come with us for a little while! But, perhaps, you are busy——"

"No," said Decima; "I am only going to meet my brother later on. What is it?"

"What isn't it, rather!" said Gaunt, with an affectation of dismay. "Mr. Bright has got me in his clutches already, Miss Deane, and, as if he were not more than a match for me, he has called in an auxiliary force. Well, so be it! But, as you are strong, be merciful."

Gaunt looked into one room of the cottage. It was about ten feet square, and was occupied by a woman and five children. It was badly lit, close, unhealthy.

Decima looked at him, appealingly.

"It is not fit, is it?" she said.

"It's bad; yes!" he assented. "It certainly is not fit for you to go into——"

"I! Why, they live here!" said Decima, reluctingly.

"They're used to it—you're not," he retorted, rather curtly. "Do you visit all the cottages? How if there should be some infectious disease—measles, scarlet fever——" He looked at her almost sternly.

"Miss Deane goes anywhere," said Mr. Bright, quickly and admiringly. "I've told her that she's running great risks; but my warning has had no effect upon her. She is our village angel, Lord Gaunt."

Gaunt knit his brows.

"It is not safe," he said. "I'll pull them all down and rebuild them—all of them. Will that satisfy you, Miss Deane?"

Decima was walking between the two men and she glanced triumphantly at Mr. Bright, and then gratefully up at Lord Gaunt.

"I knew you would!" she said in a low voice. "Oh, I am so glad! And then, there are the schools! Ah, you must see them! They are almost as bad as the cottages; the children are starved for want of air and ventilation in the summer, and must be frozen in the winter. If you will come——"

"Let us go to the schools by all means," he said. They entered the crowded, stuffy room, and Gaunt looked round amidst the dense silence of excitement.

"All right," he said. "I see the thing has to be done on a big scale. We'd better get an architect from London, Bright. You and Miss Deane can worry through the plans with him. Have what you like, Miss Deane."

Decima was too moved to thank him again. They passed out, and came to the church; and Gaunt, glancing at Decima, caught the appealing expression in her lovely eyes. He smiled.

"You want a new roof? And I doubt whether that tower is quite safe."

"It isn't!" said Decima, eagerly. "We heard the men say that they are almost afraid to ring the bells. Is—is that to be done, too?"

"Why not?" he said quietly. "In for a penny, in for—several thousand dollars."

"Oh, forgive me!" she said, penitently. "I—I am forgetting that it will cost so much money. What must you think of me?"

"Nothing but good," he returned. "Don't think about the money. I haven't any better use for it that I know of. You'd better send for ——"—he named a famous ecclesiastical architect—"Bright, and let him work his sweet will on the old place. It's pretty enough to deserve restoring.

"And now, thank Heaven, here's your brother!" he broke off, as Bobby vaulted over the churchyard stile. "You'll never guess how glad I am to see you, Deane! Come and rescue me from the hands of these Goths and Vandals!"

There was a lightness in his tone which almost startled Bobby.

"They've got at you already, have they, Lord Gaunt?" he said. "I meant to tip you a warning against them. Bright's bad enough, but my sister is far worse. If you let her have her way, she'll pull the whole place about your ears.

"You take my advice, and make a stand at once. Decie, my child, just you let things you don't understand alone—run away home, little girl, and play with your dolls; better still, get your toiling brother's lunch ready while he shows Lord Gaunt a new fly he has made."

"Is it lunch time?" said Gaunt, looking up at the old clock, and speaking in a casual way. "I fancy that I have been—well, particularly good this morning; wouldn't you like to reward me by coming up to the Hall, and eating your lunch with me? Do! its—well, rather solitary up there."

He looked at Bobby, but glanced first at Decima.

"All right," said Bobby, promptly.

"Father—" began Decima, but Bobby waved the objection aside. "Father takes a biscuit and a glass of sherry in his den, you know," he said.

"Besides, there are several things at the Hall I want to find fault with," said Gaunt; and he turned in the direction of the house as if taking her assent for granted.

Decima yielded without another word, and they passed up the avenue—there was a gang of men working on the road—and into the hall.

Gaunt looked round, and then at Decima.

"The place looks very different to what it did on your first," he said, quietly. "There has been some sunshine in it."

"Oh, yes," said Decima, innocently. "That big window wanted cleaning, I was so nervous about, for I was afraid they might break some of the stained glass; and I knew it couldn't possibly be replaced; but they were very good, and did not break even the tiniest pane."

They went into the morning-room, where lunch was laid, and the butler and the footman promptly set the necessary additions for the three unexpected guests. Then Gaunt placed Decima's chair beside his own, and, with a nod, dismissed the servants.

"You shall help the potatoes, Deane, and perhaps Miss Deane will cut the bread. We'll wait upon ourselves. That's claret, if you'll open it, Bright, while I carve the fowl. Miss Deane, I hope you are hungry? I have the appetite which I feel I deserve. A thick slice, please. Ah, mind your hand!" he broke off.

Decima laughed.

"I shall not cut myself. You forget that I am used to it—now."

"She cut herself two mornings running, at the first go off," said Bobby; "and I never see her wield a knife without a shudder—lest the weapon should slip from her hand and dig into some part of my anatomy."

Decima laughed brightly.

"Don't believe him, Lord Gaunt. It was only once; and it was an old knife with a sharp back. Bobby is an exaggerator. I am not as clumsy as he makes out."

Gaunt looked at the graceful figure, at the white hands so deftly—and yet with a certain girlish caution—using the big knife, and smiled. Clumsy! The girl's every action and movement was grace itself. Then he looked away suddenly, and began to talk.

Was this the grim, preoccupied man she had met in the Zoo? Decima thought as she listened, with her eyes fixed on his face, and her eloquent mouth "moulded to a smile."

As for Bobby and Bright, they were in the seventh heaven of enjoyment; for, with the tact and skill of a man of the world, Gaunt was making the meal a delightful one for them all.

And through all his efforts—so perfectly concealed—he glanced now and again at the beautiful face beside him with a curious expression in his eyes. He did not overwhelm her with attention, scarcely addressed her directly, but he got her everything she wanted with his own hands.

"You haven't found any fault yet, Lord Gaunt," said Decima, suddenly.

He looked up and smiled.

"You wait!" he said, almost like Bobby. "Wait until you have had your lunch, and are strengthened to bear it. I have a great deal to say, I assure you."

"I'm quite ready," said Decima, leaning back, her eyes smiling into his. "I don't believe you have any fault to find."

"Come with me, then," he said. "You'll find some cigars and cigarettes on the sideboard, you fellows. Smoke where you like. It is Bachelor's"—for an instant he paused, and the faint smile faded from his eyes, but the hesitation was only momentary, and not noticed by the others—"Bachelor's Hall, and I smoke everywhere. Come with me, and I'll show you."

They went into the hall, Decima walking beside him, and entered the drawing-room.

"How have you managed to transform this grim old place into a palace of beauty?" he said, looking round the newly-decorated and furnished apartment.

"It is wonderful, wonderful! And the change, the transformation, runs all through the house! I've sat in this chair—who ordered it?" They had gone into the library, but Bobby and Bright had remained in the hall.

"Who?" said Decima, unconsciously, "Oh, I did! I wanted an easy chair. Do you like it? Have you sat in it? Is it really comfortable?"

"It is," he said. "You ordered it? Have you tried it?"

Decima shook her head. "No."

"Try it, and let me see how you like it," he said.

She sat down and leaned back, looking up at him with a smile.

"It is delicious!" she said. "Are you going to find fault with this?"

He did not answer for a moment, but stood looking at her as if lost in thought, then he said, hastily:

"Yes; it is too comfortable. I sat there last night. I shall sit there every night"—he broke off suddenly. "It will tempt me to be lazy, and I have so much to do——"

Decima colored, and looked at him timidly.

"Have we—Mr. Bright and I—asked for too much?" she said. "You will be sorry that you have come. Perhaps you are already?"

His eyes rested on her with a strange smile.

"No, I am not sorry," he said. "I hope you are not—will never be."

Decima opened her eyes upon him.

"Oh, why should I be?" she said, innocently.

He looked down at her rather gravely.

"I meant that I hoped you might not be disappointed in me," he said. "I am full of good intentions, aroused by you—and Mr. Bright," he added quickly. "But good intentions—well, well, we all know how unreliable they are."

She was silent for a moment, then she said, "You mean that it will be very dull for you, and that you may want to go? But will it be so dull? Bobby says that you will have plenty of visitors; that all the county people will come and see you, and are eager to welcome you——"

He took a pace or two across the room.

"I shall see no one," he said, quietly, but decidedly. "I hate society—I mean"—for he was conscious that the frank eyes were regarding him with grave surprise. "I like quietude—solitude."

A faint color grew in her cheeks.

"And yet—yet you asked Bobby and me to come here to-day!",

"That is different," he said, quickly. "I meant solitude shared by you—and your brother. You do not understood. You could not, unless you knew what my life has been—" He broke off, warned, so to speak, by her wondering eyes.

"Society, as it is understood, is hateful to me; it drives me mad! But if you will let me see you—and your brother—as often as you can—well, my good intentions might prove more durable than most! Miss Deane"—he stopped, frowned, then went on, Decima's eyes fixed on him with gentle intentness. "I have taken a liking to your brother. I want to have him for a friend. I haven't another friend in the world. He may not care to have my friendship. I am so much older."

"Are you so very old?" she said, with faint surprise.

He looked at her for an instant with a curious smile.

"Not quite so old as I look, perhaps, but still. Are you looking at that leopard skin?" for her eyes had dropped to the fur at her feet, one of a score of such furs which had come down from his chambers in London.

"I shot him in the Bengalese jungle.

He was a man-eater, and I stalked him for a week. It was touch-and-go between us, a toss-up which should bite the dust. There are two bullet-holes, you see. The first made him angry and thirst for my blood; the second finished him. You are fond of books? Look at this. It is the first edition of Lavater. There are a good many first editions here; my great-grandfather was a bibliomaniac. And there is a collection of miniatures in the cabinet in the gallery."

Bobby and Bright were seated in the hall, smoking Gaunt's choice Havanas, and Gaunt said, as he passed them, "Going to show Miss Deane the miniatures."

The cabinet was locked, but he burst it open, and took out some of the contents. They were exquisite specimens of Hilliard, Cosway and Lawrence, and, as he named them, related their history. Decima stood close beside him. So close, that once or twice, as she bent to look at the painting in his hand, the soft tendrils of her brown hair swept his cheek.

She was not conscious of her nearness, but, as she touched him, and he felt the hair like thistledown against his face, Gaunt shivered slightly, and his lips came together tightly.

He replaced the miniatures in the cabinet, and turned to the pictures. He had said that he did not understand them; but he talked about them eloquently enough now; so eloquently that Decima listened with her frank open eyes fixed on his face so intently that, now and again, he faltered and stopped.

Then he caught sight of the tattered flags depending from the vaulted roof, and he told her their history, not boastfully, but simply and carelessly.

"You can see them more plainly—you can see the shot and shell holes in them—if you stand here," he said, and he drew her to a favorable spot.

She stood quite close to him again, all unconscious still that the touch of her sleeve was thrilling through him.

"Oh, how proud you must be of them!" she said, looking up at him with her innocent eyes wide open, her lips apart.

"Proud of them—ashamed of myself—there were giants in those days; we are—what are we now?"

"You can't fight battles and lay down your life for the king's colors, but you—you can rebuild cottages, and schools, and make people happy," said the pupil of Lady Pauline Lascelles.

"Make other people happy; yes!" he said.

"Are you not happy?" she asked, in a low voice, her eyes seeking his face.

"Yes; now," he said.

"Now that you have come back to settle at Leafmore," she said, with a smile.

"Exactly," he said, quietly, and, after a moment—

"Decie!" Bobby called from below.

"I must go!" she exclaimed.

"So soon!" said Gaunt.

She looked at her watch.

"It is quite late! Yes, I must go. I have ever so much to do at home. But thank you ever so much for telling me all these things, Lord Gaunt!"

"No; the thanks should come from me."

Bobby sang his praises all the way home. According to him there never had been a man like Lord Gaunt.

She saw him every day. Sometimes he came up to the Woodbines. He would sit in the ivy-grown porch or walk about the old fashioned garden, with Decima beside him.

Sometimes they would meet in the village, and he would go round and look on at the demolition of the picturesque and unhealthy cottages, with Decima beside him, and they would talk over the architect's plans.

He left everything to her and Bright—which meant her alone; for Bright was simply guided and directed by her.

Sometimes she and Bobby went to the Hall; and then Gaunt was at rest. No more delightful host could be imagined. There was a charm about the man which, alas, many women had felt and yielded to; and all that charm was exerted for Decima, for the innocent girl who never suspected for a moment the feeling that was growing up within the man's heart.

When she woke in the morning her first thought was of him; of the plans for the cottages, of the new schools, of the proposed restoration of the dear old church. When she met him—and every day it seemed that she was fated to meet him—something, a sudden well of pleasure gushed up in her heart.

She thought of everything he said, remembered every story of his solitary, hunting days; she led him on—with childish cunning—to talk of himself, to recount some of his wonderful adventures.

This man, against whom she had been warned, had entered into her life. To her, he gradually became the noblest, the most unselfish of men. Why, there was nothing she could ask him that he would not do.

He spent money on the village like water. It had been a heaven-forsaken place before he came, it was now growing prosperous and flourishing, with new cottages, new schools in hand, and a church being rapidly restored.

And it seemed that he cared for her society—and Bobby's—only. The county people had come down, its cohorts all beaming with silver and gold, to meet with a decided rebuff.

The Cattermoles, and the Pettergills, the Sir William this, and Sir George that, had called but failed to see Lord Gaunt.

He had returned their cards—but that was all. The county was nonplussed and dissatisfied; but Lord Gaunt did not seem to care.

He lived a solitary life at the Hall, and saw no one but Bright and the Deanes.

One day he rode up to the Woodbines on Nero, leading a handsome half-thoroughbred. There was a lady's saddle on her, and when Decima came down to the gate and stared at him with wide-open eyes, Gaunt said, quietly—

"Just bought her. Do you like her? Get your habit on——"

"But," said Decima, eyeing the horse wistfully.

"'But me no buts,'" he said, with a smile, "I've been looking out for a horse for you for weeks past. This one is all right, as I think you will say. Don't be longer than you can help."

She had learned to obey him; and she hesitated only a moment, then in she ran without a word. It had come to this. In a very few minutes she reappeared in her habit, and he lifted her into the saddle.

The color bloomed in her cheek, her pure eyes grew dark and brilliant, joy welled up in her heart.

"Yes," he said, after they had gone half a mile or so, and he had kept close watch over her, "You can ride."

"Oh, yes," said Decima. "Aunt Pauline had me taught. She said that every lady should know how to ride, just as she should know how to play the piano, and dance.

"What a beautiful creature it is? Why did you take the trouble to get it for me? Why are you always so kind to me?"

He looked at her, then turned his eyes away from her. Her very unconsciousness hurt him.

"You merit some amusement," he said. "What with architects' plans, and builders' estimates, you were in danger of being overworked. Are you happy?" he asked, suddenly.

She looked at him, and her eyes—violet now—met his innocently.

"Quite; quite happy!" she said.

They rode through the village and over the moor beyond; and Gaunt still kept a watchful eye upon the mare.

He glanced at her lovely face, with the color of a blush-rose on her cheeks, the light of joy and happiness in her eyes, and his lips grew tight and compressed.

On their way homeward they came to a field with a thorn hedge, and Decima looked at the latter wistfully.

"Can she jump?" she asked. "Aunt Pauline would never let me jump; but I have always longed to do it. May I try?"

"She can jump," he said. "Try her; but be careful." He led the way over a bit of timber in the hedge, and Decima followed.

It is very likely that she pulled the young mare; any way, it made a false step, and Decima would have fallen; but Gaunt was close beside her and caught her.

He held her in his arms for half a second—it was scarcely longer that her head rested against his heart.

It was but a moment of time, but her heart had beat against his, his lips had almost touched her cheek,

He went very white, and his face grew stern and set, while the moment lasted; but Decima recovered her seat with a laugh, with the unconscious laugh of a child. She had not seen his face, had not known how near his lips had been to hers.

"Nearly off!" she exclaimed. "But it was my fault! Let me try her again!"

"No, no!" he said, almost fiercely, "I will ride her for a day or two first—I will show you."

He could scarcely speak, and he turned his head away.

He was almost silent on the way home. A groom was waiting at the Woodbines, and took the mare from her, and Gaunt rode home slowly.

He went straight to his study and lit a cigar. He could feel the lithe, graceful figure still in his arms, still feel her breath on his cheek.

Suddenly he flung the cigar in the fireplace and threw his hands above his head with a wild despairing gesture.

"Oh, my gracious!" he cried. "Not that! Not that!" But the prayer came too late, and he knew it. "I love her!" he cried, as the sweat of his anguish broke upon his brow. "I love her, I love her!"

CHAPTER XII.

"I LOVE her! I love her!"

The words rang low through the room with a note of infinite pain and despair; and Gaunt sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

Now, there has been no attempt in this history to whitewash Lord Gaunt, or even to make excuses for him. He was not a good man, he had been guilty of excesses which no good man ever commits; but he was not bad at heart.

Until the great mistake of his life, he had steered the straight course of virtue on life's rough way; and he had been driven on to the wide road which leadeth to destruction by misery and despair.

And since he had come to Leafmore a change had taken place in the man. The old life of dissipation had suddenly grown hideous to him; at no time—even when in the very midst of it—had it been particularly enjoyable.

He had played high, and cared little whether he won or lost; he had moved in a fast set, whose motto is "Love and Laughter;" but love had not enticed him, and laughter—well, few men had seen Lord Gaunt laugh of late years.

Then he came to Leafmore weary of everything—of the foolish talk, the hollow laughter, of the fast set, of life itself. And he had met a young girl—a girl as innocent as a child—and everything had become changed to him.

Life had regained its savor; something like peace—and yet a peace full of wistfulness—had fallen upon him, and he had begun to forget—actually to forget!—the past made so bitter by the great mistake.

He had been changing unconsciously; had not known, realized, what it was that was working the transformation.

But he knew now. And he sat with his head bent, and his eyes covered, and faced the thing. For Gaunt, though not a good man, was no fool, and no coward. He had got to face it.

He placed the whole case before him, so to speak, and tried to weigh it calmly and judicially.

He was in love with Decima Deane. He, some years older than she—and a married man!

He wiped the sweat from his face with an unsteady hand. It seemed ridiculous and absurd; but there it was, and all the ridicule he could pour on it would not quench or drown the truth.

He tried to laugh, as he thought of the difference in age; of the bond that held and galled him; but the laugh rang hollow and unsatisfactory.

He loved her! And he knew that it was the first real love of his life. The fancy for the woman who bore his name had been a fancy only, and had died, changed rather, to contempt and loathing. He had never really loved until he had met Decima. And the girl was everything in the world to him—life, hope, joy!

Her face rose before him as he sat and thought. The sweet girlish face, with its blue and ever-changing eyes, its mobile mouth, and its bright innocent smile; the soft brown hair clustering in tendrils on her white brow. Her voice with its innocent tone——

Innocent! Yes, she was innocent; so childish that she did not guess how it was with him. He was not a good man, but he thanked God that she did not know; she must never know.

He must go away, go away at once. He rose, stung to movement by the resolve, and almost groaned.

A shudder ran through him as he thought of returning to the world, of going away from the sight of her face, the sound of her voice. They were life to him, and his days without them would be shadowed by the darkness of death in life.

Need he go? She did not know, guess, of his love for her. He would keep a close watch and guard over every look and word. Why should he not have the consolation of being near her?

She had been like a guardian angel to him; she had, all innocently and unconsciously, led him out of the dark forest of despair and gloom to higher and brighter lands. She had been his saving angel. If he left her, he would slip back into the old life, the old life he hated and loathed.

As he paced up and down with head down, and hands tightly clenched, he tried to persuade himself that he should be content to be near her, to see her occasionally; that he would hoped for—think of nothing more.

Yes! that was how he would work it! She should be just an angel of light to him. He would go on loving her, but as the sailor loves the beacon star that lights him home through the storm, as the light that burns in the shrine of a saint.

Inspired by that love, he would keep his life clean and sweet; he would devote it to her. He would be her slave; would do everything she wanted done for the place and the people.

"Yes; that is how it must be!" he said, with a deep breath. "There is no hope for me. The child would never love me, even—even if I were only her own age, and free. Very good! Let me accept that; let me remember it always; when I am with her, or away from her. She is not for me. She can never be mine, but I can go on loving her.

"I will never let her suspect—I will keep a close guard on my secret; and she shall never know. It would only pain her—and, God knows, I would rather die a thousand deaths than she should suffer a moment's pain!"

He laughed discordantly.

"What a pity one cannot die when one likes!" he said, bitterly. "It would be so easy a way out of it! But I've got to live—and I cannot live without her."

The last words were uttered almost savagely. We all know how, at some time or other, we stand at bay with Fate, and fight him tooth and nail; Gaunt was fighting Fate for all he knew.

The dinner bell rang, and he went and dressed. Hobson looked at the haggard face anxiously, and wondered what was amiss.

He knew nothing of the great mistake, but he suspected the existence of some hidden sorrow in his master's life, and he wondered whether it had cropped up again; for he had noticed the change of late for the better in Lord Gaunt's manner and appearance.

Gaunt went down to the elaborate dinner; but he could not eat, and presently he rose and went out into the air.

There was a faint moonlight, a nightingale was singing on one of the trees on the lawn. He saw Decima's face in the soft light, he heard her voice speaking through the birds'.

Presently, he got his hat, and, half-mechanically, went up the avenue and along the road to the Woodbines.

As he reached the house, and stood in the shadow of the trees on either side of the road, he heard the piano, and then her voice; the clear, sweet, girlish voice which echoed in his heart all day.

She was singing one of the simple songs which she used to sing to Lady Pauline, and every note as it floated out to him struck upon a chord in his heart and filled him with the pain of intense longing.

He went home again, with the sweet girlish voice ringing in his ears. But he would not go into the house, and he paced under the firs in the plantation until the dawn began to gleam beyond the hills.

"I love her!" was the thought that ached in his heart. "I love her; but she shall never know! She shall never know!"

In the morning some plans came down by post. He had promised to take them to her. Should he do so? He prayed, thirsted for a sight of her. Why should he not go? He would begin the watch over himself.

After breakfast he went with the plans in his hand up to the Woodbines. As he reached the gate he heard voices—Decima's and a man's—and then he saw her and Mrs. Mershon in the garden.

He had met the young man once or twice, and exchanged greetings with him; but it had so chanced that he had not seen him and Decima together.

He looked over the gate, and there was Mr. Mershon holding a chrysanthemum, while Decima tied it to its stick. Decima wore a sunbonnet like—and yet how unlike—Mrs. Topper's, and as she bent over the plant, she was laughing, evidently at Mr. Mershon's awkwardness, and the young man, with his hat on one side, was looking up at her with an intent expression in his small sharp eyes.

A pang shot through Gaunt's heart.

"My God! I am jealous!" he said between his clenched teeth, and his face grew set and stern.

He tried to soften it as he pushed the gate open and entered, but Decima, as she looked up and uttered a faint cry of welcome, saw the look, and opened her innocent eyes upon him.

'Oh, Lord Gaunt, is it you? And have you brought the plans—is that them in your hand?"

"Yes; I've brought them," he said, trying to smile. "But it doesn't matter. Don't let me interrupt you——"

She looked at him with a faint reproach in the lovely eyes.

"Why, we are only tying up some of the chrysanthemums! As if they were of any consequence! Let me see them! I do so want to see them! But what is the matter?" she broke off as she looked up at him with a sudden grave questioning.

"Nothing, nothing," he said, hastily, for he felt Mr. Mershon's sharp eyes upon him. That gentleman dropped the string, and glanced at his watch. He disliked, and was a little afraid of Lord Gaunt of Leafmore.

"I—I think I'll be going," he said, looking at Decima.

She had opened the plans, and seemed quite absorbed in them.

'Oh, will you not stay? Well, good bye, and thank you. We have tied up ever so many, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mershon. "Good morning, Lord Gaunt." As he went out of the gate Gaunt looked after him.

"Do you see much of Mr. Mershon?" he asked, and cursed himself for asking.

Decima looked up from the plans absently.

"Yes, oh, yes. He is here nearly every day. He has business with father. I don't understand what it is; it is all a mystery to me—and to father also, I expect. But what is the matter? You—you look so pale and tired!"

She drew nearer to him, with childlike affection and confidence, and laid her hand upon his arm.

And the strong arm, lean and muscular, the arm which had known no quiver nor uncertainty when it had been raised in the face of death itself, had hard work to keep itself steady under the fingers which touched him so innocently.

"I've—I've had a bad night," he said, forcing a smile. "I used to suffer from insomnia; and I got an attack of it last night."

'Oh, I am so sorry!' she said. "Come and sit in my arbor, and rest for a little while!"

Her hand closed on his arm, and she led him gently to a rustic summer house in the worst state of repair. "Sit there and rest," she said.

"You shall not talk, or even think. And I will look at the plans. Stay!" She ran to one of the garden borders, and picked some sprigs of lavender. "Smell those! Are they not sweet?"

She held them up to him, and, unseen by her, he touched them with his lips. Then, with the innocence of a child, she sat close beside him, and unfolded the plans again.

Her arm touched his—the summer-house was a very small affair—he could almost hear the beating of her heart, and his own heart throbbed in harmony.

"They are beautiful!" she said, nodding at the plans as a child nods at a picture-book. "How clever a man must be to draw them like this! Look at that tower!"

She opened out the drawings so that they rested on her knees and his.

'There's a bell in that tower, of course. Will it run,' as Bobby would say, to a bell, Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes; it will run to a bell," he said, mechanically—for her hand was touching his arm, and all his senses were throbbing.

"Will it? I am so glad! And that is the big schoolroom. What is the size? But I am worrying you; and I meant you to rest!" she exclaimed, remorsefully.

"It is not worrying me," he said. "There are the plans. If you like them, we'll pass them."

'Oh, I think they are beautiful!" she said. "And the schoolhouse is too sweet for words! I should like to be school mistress!"

"Yes?" he said; then the green jealousy gnawing at his heart forced him on.

"Do you like Mr. Mershon?"

Decima opened her eyes upon him innocently.

"What has Mr. Mershon to do with the schools!" she said. "Like him? Oh—yes; I suppose so. I never thought—never asked myself the question. But now I come to do so, yes; I think I do.

"How foolish that sounds! Aunt Pauline used to say that I should never master syntax! He is very good-natured, you know; only this morning he promised me fifty pounds towards the boys' playground and gymnasium."

"Why did you ask him?" he said, almost roughly. "I would have given you all you wanted."

"I know you would," she said, simply. "And that is why I didn't ask you. You have done so much. Besides, it is only fair that Mr. Mershon should spend some of his money for the benfit of the people among whom he lives. He is very rich, you know."

"Is he?" he said. "I don't know anything about him."

Then he got ashamed of his petulance, of his jealousy, for her eyes were seeking his with a rather pained surprise. She had never before heard him speak in this tone.

"Oh, I daresay he is a very nice young fellow. I'm—I'm rather boorish and ill-natured this morning. I always am when I don't sleep."

In an instant her face melted, so to speak, with a tender sympathy, which smote him to the heart.

"I know! You could not be really unkind or unjust to anyone, I think, Lord Gaunt!"

'Oh, couldn't I!" he said, grimly.

"No; it was only because you are tired that you were hard upon Mr. Mershon—if you were hard. For, after all, what have you said? Lean back—see, you can just lean back—and rest, quite rest."

She leant back to show him the way, and the branches of the ivy and clematis caught in her hair. She laughed as she tried to disentangle them.

"I forgot my hair; but you need not be afraid, yours is too short."

"Can't you get it undone?" he said.

"Let me try, will you?"

"Thanks," she said, at once. "Mind you don't bring it all down—it is apt to come down at a touch. You see, I've not had it up very long."

His hand shook as he attempted to free the soft, silky coil from the branch that clung to it lovingly. His breath came fast, and he brought about the catastrophe against which she had warned him.

"There, it is down!" she said, with a laugh. She shook her hair loose, and smiled up at him, as one school-girl smiles at another.

"That is how I looked a few months before you saw me at the Zoo," she said.

He looked at her, and then suddenly away from her, lest she should read his secret in his eyes.

"You must have been rather a nice-looking girl," he remarked, with an effort at careless badinage.

"I wasn't, really. I was a very ugly child," she said. "I remember Bobby used to call me the plain bun. I've told you about his expecting to see a long-legged, ugly little girl at the railway station, haven't I?"

While she was speaking, she was doing up her hair rapidly and carelessly. He stooped to pick up some of the hair-pins which had fallen, and saw a piece of brown ribbon, which had either fallen from her hair or some part of her dress.

He waited until she had finished, then he picked up the ribbon.

"Do you want this?" he said.

"What is it? Oh, thanks."

He held it in his hand. "If you don't particularly want it, I'll tie up the plans with it," he said, with an air of indifference.

"No; I don't want it. Is it long enough?"

"Quite" he said, as he rolled up the plans and wound the ribbon round them. "I'm going down to the village to see Corbet. Could you—will it be convenient for you to meet me there this afternoon? There are some things Bright wants to ask you about. You and Bobby might come up to tea afterwards, if you'd be so gracious."

"Very well," she said, at once, and brightly, "I am going in to help to make a pudding; I am learning to cook, you know. Bobby says I always forget the principal ingredient; generally the sugar; but he always has two serves, and the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof."

She talked on—the talk of a happy, heartfree girl—and he listened with a mixture of pleasure and pain. Her innocence and unconsciousness hurt him that morning. He got up almost suddenly.

"I must go," he said, adruptly, and left her.

They met in the village in the afternoon, interviewed Mr. Bright, and then met Bobby and went up to the Hall for tea. It was served on the terrace, and she presided, as she had done on several previous occasions.

Gaunt watched her. Never had she seemed more perfect in every tone and movement. Looking at her was like listening to an exquisite piece of music which makes the heart ache with infinite longing.

'Show Bobby the plans, Lord Gaunt," she said, presently.

Gaunt went into the library and brought them. They were united, and in confusion.

"Why, what a jumble you have got them in! Where is the ribbon you tied them up with?" she asked.

He colored for an instant, and looked round with the awkwardness of a man.

"I—I must have dropped it," he said. It was folded neatly in his waistcoat pocket, over his heart.

"Ah," said Bobby; "want my opinion? Well, my opinion is that you are paupering the whole place between you; and I'm rather glad that I'm going out of it, and so can chuck what little of the responsibility that has fallen to my share."

'Going out of it!" said Decima.

He nodded, as he lit a cigarette. "Yes, old Brown"—Brown was his coach—"thinks that I ought to go up to London to polish up my French and German; so I'm going right away, that is, in a week or two."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Decima, aghast.

"Don't cry! Is its brother going to leave it for a few weeks! Never mind! He'll come back soon, and bring his ickle sister a nice ickle doll."

"Going up to London," said Gaunt. His heart sank, for he knew that, Bobby away, he should not be able to see so much of Decima; for Bobby had played the useful part of chaperon. "You'll go into diggings, I suppose. See here, I've some chambers in town—you go up to them. You'll be doing me a service if you will."

Bobby stared. "You—you mean it!"

"Of course I mean it," said Gaunt, rather curtly. "It's better for the rooms to be occupied." He gave Bobby the address. "And I'll put you up for the—what club would you like, I wonder? What do you say to the Orient?"

Bobby flushed with pride and pleasure.

"Will you really? How awfully good of you! The Orient!"

He had heard and read of the club—one of the best—but had never hoped, never dreamed, of becoming a member.

"Not at all," said Gaunt, briefly. "I'll write to-night."

Bobby was so moved and excited that he jumped up and paced away. Decima looked at Gaunt with a sudden moisture in her eyes.

"I wonder why you are so kind to us!" she said, with a little catch in her voice. He could not have found a quicker road to her heart.

He raised his eyes to her face for a moment.

"Nonsense!" he said, almost roughly. "What is there especially kind in that! I should do it for anyone."

"Yes," she said, "I think you would. There is no one so kind, so thoughtful, so generous. Bobby can't thank you, I see; and I—oh, I wish I could tell you just what I think——"

She leant forward and touched his hand. He drew it away sharply, and his lips twitched, then—as she looked at him half-startled by his sudden gesture—he slid his hand back, and laid it on her arm.

"You—you forget all that you have done for me, Decima——" he bit his lip. "I beg your pardon, Miss Deane! The name slipped out; I—I hear your brother calling you so, so often——"

"But does it matter?" she asked, smiling at him innocently. "Why shouldn't you call me Decima if you like? It is better than Miss Deane! And Decie is better still."

He looked at her steadily, his lips compressed. She was torturing him, and all so innocently!

"I'm afraid that—that it wouldn't be quite the proper thing," he said. "But—well, you must let me think of you as—" the name seemed too dear, too sacred to be spoken—"as Decie—sometimes."

As he walked up with them to the Woodbines—he gained another half an hour with her by doing so—he gave some keys to Bobby.

"Use anything there is as if it were your own," he said, in a casual way. "The woman cooks very fairly, and can manage a little dinner-party; it's more comfortable than dining at the club. You'll write to me for anything you want——" And so on, and Bobby could only stammer his thanks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

KNOWN OF OLD.—Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt, twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resembled the hammers now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invented some time during the Middle Ages.

ON PANCAKE DAY.—The old custom of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday is explained by one authority in this way: In the monasteries the monks had pancakes for supper on Shrove Tuesday, in order to use up all the eggs, fat, lard, etc., which were forbidden on Ash Wednesday and after. The pancakes that the monks could not themselves eat were given away to the poor at the monastery gates.

ONLY THE NAME SURVIVES.—Did anybody ever dream that in Scotland, of all places in the world, there are signs and tokens yet remaining of the days when men kissed their hands to the sun and worshipped it? Yet Balgreen in Perthshire is the Town of the Sun; Grenach, in the same country, is the Field of the Sun; and the River Greenan is the Sun's River. Even Greenock was once (and is still to philologists) the Knoll of the Sun, and Granton is the Sun's Fire.

PECULIARLY ORGANIZED.—Among personal peculiarities of organization there may be mentioned the curious case of a man in New York, of whom it is said that he can only sleep while standing. Lying down causes him great pain, and he appears to have become quite habituated to an erect posture. Of like curious nature is the case of a Spanish baron, who can sleep only in the cabin of a steamer or in a railway car when in full motion. For four years he has never ceased traveling by night in order to obtain sleep.

DELICATELY ADJUSTED.—It is said that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the curious combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, can only be seen with a microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar of flowers. Another delicate apparatus is the spoon shaped appendage that receives the gleanings that the bee wishes to carry to the hive. Finally, by opening the "brush" and the "basket" by means of a neat little hinge, the two become a pair of pincers, which render important service in constructing the cells.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The following list is given of the forms under which Shakespeare's name has appeared at different times: Chaksper, Shakspere, Shaxpere, Shakspire, Shaxspere, Schaksper, Shakespere, Shakespeare, Schakespeyr, Shaxespeare, Shagspere, Shaxpur, Shakseper, Shaxspeare, Saxpere, Shakespire, Shakespeire, Shackespeare, Shakaspear, Shaxpeare, Shakspeere, Shaxburd, Shackspeyr, Shakespear, Schakespere, Shakyspere. Dr. Furnivall admits the existence of only five unquestionably genuine signatures of the poet; two on his Blackfriars conveyance and morigage, and three on his will. Of these the first two are Shakspere, while about the third there is no agreement, Dr. Furnivall making it Shakspere; Steevens and Malone, as well as Sir Francis Madden, deciphering it as Shakspeare.

THUS THEY DO NOT FALL.—"A good many people cannot understand how birds are able to remain so long on the wing," says a naturalist; "but the explanation is really very simple. Many of them are able to interlock, as it were, those parts of the wing that hold the intended feathers. The certain of the air while the wing is in this state extends the part corresponding with our elbow, which may be kept in this position for any length of time without muscular effort on the bird's part, while a cartilage prevents it from opening too far. Of course, the bird cannot rise without exertion in a still atmosphere, but if there be a horizontal current of air it can allow itself to drift along with it with a slight downward direction until it gains sufficient momentum to enable it to rise again somewhat, merely by changing its direction, and without having to make any further exertion."

IF.

BY E. S. S.

With the salt spray dashing over the cliff,
I held my breath to see
How the seaweed clung to the rock outside
The cove that was shelt'ring me.
The boats were stranded high on the beach,
The fishermen gone away,
And the beacon-light on the farther shore
Seemed shining to lead astray.

A "Te Deum" wild the breakers sang,
And it echoed o'er the deep
As the log-bells, wringing a warning note,
Bade mariners vigil keep.
They sang in a minor key, I ween,
As they floated overhead,
O'er the nameless graves of the sunken ships
Where sleep our lost, our dead!

And the fisher-lads stood up on the crags
With locks unkept and wild,
And shouted a chorus to the waves—
Ah, I envied each careless child!
For a bitter sorrow was over my heart
With a dread of the Great Unseen,
The future near, and the past a blank,
With the thought of "what might have been."

If only the frost on the frozen pane
Would not glitter like drops of dew!
If only "God's angel, sleep," would come,
And I could but dream of you!
If only my ship that is anchored now
Might sail ere the sun had set—
There's a steady light on the distant shore,
If only I could forget!

THRO' EVIL PATHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS way, Mademoiselle."

The speaker was a smart respectable-looking French servant, and the ribbons in her cap, together with her black silk apron, suggested that her position was that of lady's-maid.

My trunks and bags were piled in the great hall; and, as I was weary with my six hours' journey from town, and hitherto no one had appeared to bid me, a stranger, welcome, I gladly obeyed the injunction of my conductor, hoping to find rest and refreshment.

The girl led me up a broad staircase, then the length of a corridor, upon which many doors opened, through a drawing-room of vast and dreary dimensions, filled with furniture covered up with brown holland, an enormous glass chandelier, shrouded in muslin, hanging from the centre of the ceiling, along another and a narrower passage, until we reached a doorway hung with a curtain of sage-green serge. My pioneer lifted the curtain, opened the door, and announced me—

"Miss Meredith."

A moment after, I was in the room, which was small, cosy, warmly-curtained and brightly lighted.

On a couch, near the fire, a young girl was half sitting, half reclining, holding a book, from which she removed her eyes to glance at me with a air of rather bored expectancy.

Her movement brought her face into the line of light from the rose-shaded lamp, which had hitherto fallen upon the page she was reading, and a very fair face it was, even if the owner's expression just then was neither a happy nor a very good-tempered one.

She rose to meet me in a languid half-indifferent manner.

"How do you do?" she asked. "We know each other only through correspondence and mutual commendations—isn't that the way to put it? But I dare say we shall manage to get on together. Perhaps you won't mind sharing my sitting-room—did I explain that point in my letter?—Clarice!"

The maid had apparently gone no farther than the outer side of the door, for she immediately reappeared.

"Clarice," continued the young lady, "we will have the supper-tray at once, if you please, prepared for two. Bring up whatever you can find, together with a bottle of sherry."

"The keys Mademoiselle?"

"What—has Mrs. Beverley taken them?"

"I believe so, Mademoiselle. I was looking round just now to prepare Mademoiselle's supper, and I could not find them anywhere. Mrs. Grant has them not, nor Mademoiselle Marthe."

Instead of looking annoyed, the girl laughed an unpleasant laugh.

"Ah, well—take these then, and go to the cellar!"—handing Clarice a couple of formidable-looking keys, which she took from her pocket as she spoke.

"Bring them back, Clarice, at once," she added, "and let no one see you—not even Mrs. Grant. And, wait—since Mrs. Beverley denies us sherry, we have the champagne—the best."

I had had neither occasion nor opportunity so far to utter a word. I had divested myself of my fur-lined travelling coat, and took possession of an easy chair, near the fire, the comfortable warmth of which I enjoyed, while I remained a silent spectator of a scene which I thought exceedingly singular.

Clarice, having taken the keys, prepared to obey her mistress with apparent alacrity; and then the latter turned towards me.

"You will like to see your bed-room?" she inquired in a gentler tone. "I have made it as comfortable as I possibly could. It adjoins mine, which is adjacent to this room. I occupy this part of the house entirely."

The girl opened the door as she spoke, passed through a bedroom, warm and bright as the sitting-room, and opened another door beyond, when I found myself in my sanctum.

Certainly everything had been prepared with a view to my comfort; the fire burned brigh'ly, the gas burners were shaded with tinted globes, and extended on either side of a large cheval glass; the curtains were of a pretty new-fashioned chintz, lined with rose color; while the bed, the couch in front of the fire, and the arm-chair in the corner, all looked comfortable, inviting, and home-like to a weary woman.

I thought this part of the house was infinitely preferable to the holland-covered drawing-room, as seen by the light of Clarice's hand lamp, and the deserted corridor bordered by its apparently tenantless rooms.

Near the arm-chair was a small table, with a reading lamp upon it, and a book. On the opposite side of the fire-place, against the wall, stood an old-fashioned inlaid cabinet, with a shelf which, when pulled out, served as a writing desk.

This piece of antique furniture was provided with innumerable drawers and pigeon holes, and even at the first glance specially delighted me.

"Indeed," I smilingly replied, "it seems to me that you have done everything that thoughtful hospitality could do to make a stranger feel at home. This room is perfectly delightful!"

"The view is not bad, as you will see in the morning," she answered carelessly. "I have done what I could—that is all. By and by you will, no doubt, understand our family arrangements, which may seem peculiar.

"Mrs. Beverley and her daughter inhabit the west wing. This was indeed a separate cottage, which was added to the main building and reserved for my especial use. I am separated from my relatives by a desert of unused passages and rooms.

"I have a private door into the garden, whence there is a way to the park and the drive. Your cabman naturally brought you to the large hall door; I will show you our entrance to-morrow. I am so sorry I had no carriage to send to meet you."

She talked on in a not unpleasing monotone, and, as I thought that she desired to say at the moment all that she felt had to be said, I made no attempt to interrupt her.

But I felt neither shy nor constrained in her presence; on the contrary, I was conscious that her personality was sympathetic, and had a soothing effect upon my rather over-wrought nerves.

My system, low and debilitated, the result of nursing my mother through a severe illness, while endeavoring at the same time to keep up my literary work, had forced me to leave town for a while.

Being particularly sensitive at all times to the congenial influence, or the reverse, of my fellow-creatures, even in the first moments of acquaintance, I gladly welcomed the sense of restfulness which I experienced in the presence of Margaret Beverley—a feeling quite apart from ordinary liking—as I expected to pass the following few weeks chiefly in her society.

I made no reply to her volunteered explanations, but turned the conversation to the possible appearance, before long, of my trunks.

Thereupon Miss Beverley volunteered to go and see that these were sent up immediately.

Glad as I felt I should be to partake of some refreshment after my journey, no sooner had the door closed behind her than I found myself thinking, with a sort of childish pleasure, that I should presently rejoin her in the pretty warm sitting room, and, during the ensuing days, have ample opportunity of learning to know her better.

Before long I discovered that this feeling of satisfaction in her society, which Margaret Beverley had the power to impart, was due in a large measure to her exceeding truthfulness.

Whatever her own mood, she made no pretence of its being other than it really was. If she were annoyed, it was usually because she conceived that she had just reason for annoyance, and she expressed quite candidly what she felt.

No acrid humors were left behind to rankle and surprise one at some future unexpected moment; one heard the worst and the last of any grievance at once. The same spirit showed itself when the girl was pleased or happy, her gladness was genuine and unreserved.

When I returned to the sitting-room I found Margaret standing by the table surveying the recently-arrived supper tray. The meal was a dainty one, consisting of a cold pheasant, an apple tart, a beautifully fresh lettuce, and a bottle of champagne.

Margaret had changed her dark cloth dress for one of black net. She was dazzling fair, and her yellow hair grew rather low upon her broad forehead; it had the natural regular waves one sometimes sees in ancient statuary, and was as soft and shining as upon silk.

Her brows, many shades darker, took a slight but regular curve, and her eyes were hazel, slightly darker than her brows. Her cheeks were charmingly tinted with delicate color, and her chin was square, indicative of strong determination.

"There," she ejaculated, looking up as I entered—"I hope you won't quarrel with your entertainment! Clarice has been fortunate to-night, for we don't always get such good fare. Come, you must be hungry! Would you like to sit here—near the fire?"

I did. I felt inclined to agree to anything she proposed; but I was greatly puzzled at her way of speaking of our provisions. Was it a question of foraging for them?"

"Don't look alarmed," said Margaret, as she helped me to a portion of the pheasant. "I always take care not to starve, and to commit a raid on Madame's larder is a thorough enjoyment to me.

"This pheasant, I have not the slightest doubt, was intended for her luncheon to-morrow. When she finds it dismembered and half eaten, she will be rabid—but she will not dare to complain.

"I see you do not understand, but I will wait until you have finished your supper to make full explanation. I don't want to spoil your appetite, and eating does interrupt one so in telling a story. What sort of a journey did you have?"

We talked intermittently on different subjects until the meal was finished, and Clarice came to clear away the remains. The champagne was now greatly diminished. Margaret had taken one glass, and I, in virtue of my long journey, a glass and a half, the remainder of the bottle being put away in the cupboard of the chiffonier.

"When Madame comes to count the champagne, which she will do at Christmas, she will be more furious than ever," remarked Margaret complacently.

When we were once more alone together, and quiet, we drew up our easy chairs to the fire, and I rested my feet on the fender with a sense of unmitigated satisfaction.

"Now, before I begin my story, will you not tell me something about yourself?" queried Miss Beverley. "I've done most of the talking so far."

"There is not much to tell," I replied, smiling. "As you are aware, I have been living with my mother in London. She has been ill all the summer, and, so soon as she was fit to be removed, the doctor recommended her a change to a warm climate for the winter.

"I have a married sister living at Bournemouth, who begged mother to go there; but as my sister has three children, and only one spare room, I of necessity stayed behind.

"I suppose I had 'run down,' as it is termed, for the loneliness after mother left seemed to prey upon me, and, for the first time in my life, I found existence irksome. The doctor advised the inevitable change to a bracing air and cheerful society. I answered your advertisement among a dozen others, and—here I am."

"I am very glad that it is so," said Margaret, with evident sincerity.

I smiled contentedly, and continued with my inventory of facts.

"For the rest, I am as you see—neither very young nor very old; neither very pretty nor very plain; not poor nor yet very rich; neither a genius nor a fool—having, in fact, nothing remarkable to recommend me."

"Perhaps your friends may see you with different eyes," observed my companion. "As to age, I think you cannot be much older than I—I am twenty-two."

"I have the advantage of four years as regards time—twenty in other things that possibly go to make one old," I told her, with a sigh.

"Next—it may please you, or the contrary—I find your face charming," she continued; "I love dark people, for I am so ridiculously white. Regarding your money, I know nothing about it, and it is not a very important item; but, as to your literary abilities, I have read some of your stories, and they decide me upon entreating you to come here—as you know I did. Now I am going to tell you about myself, if you are not too sleepy."

"Go on, please," I pleaded earnestly.

The girl's praise was pleasant to me in my dejected frame of mind, but experience warned me to qualify it with a few other truths I had heard in my time, and let it pass unquestioned.

"Well," said Margaret, "in the first place, my father was twice married. His first wife, my dear mother, died when I was thirteen years old. By her will she left me the whole of her small property, which is worth about four hundred a year, including this little house, which was built by the side of the old Hall, for the use of a dear old friend of hers who had once been her governess, and who here spent the last years of her life.

"My father built the cottage—for it was nothing more—and made a present of it to my mother; she in her turn leaving it to me, never dreaming but that the rest of the estate would also revert to me, if she died without leaving a son or another daughter.

"I was thirteen," Miss Beverley continued, "when my father married again. Poor dad! I think at times that he must have been under some strange unaccountable influence, for I know he never ceased to love and regret my mother.

"His second wife was a French girl of twenty, and he was sixty at the time. You will see my stepmother, so I need not describe her; but I may tell you that she really has changed very little.

"Two years after the marriage she disappeared for a time. I have never heard the rights or wrongs of the story. I know there was no divorce, though I have heard that my father could have obtained one had he chosen.

"He did not do so, but would not allow her name to be mentioned. She had left behind her her baby girl—Marthe—whom also you will see. I brought the child up, for my father could hardly bear her in his sight. This cottage was devoted entirely to her use in those days.

"We lived peacefully until I was nineteen and Marthe five years old. My father installed me as mistress here, and told me many times that he had left everything to me, except a provision for Marthe of three hundred a year.

"Then—three years ago this winter—his health failed him, and he was told that he must winter in the south of France. I wanted, of course, to accompany him, but he entreated me to remain here.

"He said that he feared, if the house were left, that his wife would return, establish herself in it, and then no power on earth would afterwards dislodge her. It seemed that he had heard from her, and that she had been asking him to take her back.

"I was forced to remain here with Marthe; but I was rather comforted by the fact that Lawson, my father's servant, was to accompany him. The man had been with us fifteen years, and would, I felt sure, never leave his master's side.

"For the first four months I heard regularly from my father; then his letters became short and unsatisfactory, until nearly a fortnight elapsed without my receiving any at all.

"Just as I had made up my mind to risk my father's displeasure and start off to join him, a note reached me from Lawson. Mrs. Beverley was with my father, and a few days after her arrived he had dismissed his old servant.

"I ought to have gone to see dad then, but the next post brought me a letter from him, written in a trembling hand, very unlike his own. He had been much worse, he wrote, but he begged me not to be anxious, and on no account to think of joining him, as his wife was with him.

"She was most devoted and attentive, and he had every care and comfort that he could wish for. It cut me to the heart, and yet I felt sure that he had not been a free agent in writing that letter.

"But what could I do? As it to guard against my making a start, there was a postscript to say that he and his wife were leaving Cannes on the morrow, but giving me no new address. Ten days later I re-

ceived a letter from my stepmother to say that my father was dead."

Margaret paused, and there was silence in the room save for the slow ticking of the ornamental clock on the mantelshelf, and the fall of an ember among the ashes in the grate.

Throughout the girl had told her story devoid of any sign of emotion, without break or rise or fall in the even tones of a voice that was always musical. Yet in its very monotony it conveyed on idea of suppressed passion more forcibly than all the emotional rhetoric in the world.

I detected a slight trembling of her upper lip in the gleam of the firelight—a sort of pitiful appeal against fate, which told me that her sorrow was even deeper than her indignation.

"He was dead," Miss Beverley, recommenced presently, with a low sigh that echoed through the silence, "and they buried him in France—among strangers and far from my mother's side, Mrs. Beverley saying that it was his wish.

"I never saw dad again after I bade him farewell on the steps here when he drove away to the station. Dawson came to see me a few months later and told me a great deal about my father's proceedings in the early part of the winter.

"He gave me the particulars of my stepmother's arrival and his own dismissal; but of the last few weeks of dad's illness I heard very little. It was found however that soon after my stepmother's arrival he had made a new will, in which the estate was left to Marthe, and Mrs. Beverley was appointed her guardian.

"I was mentioned as being provided for by mother's money and the possession of this cottage, but it was added that I was to retain possession of my mother's jewelry, and that the estate was to be charged with my maintenance so long as I remained unmarried.

"So here I am, with a right to what the house affords. Mrs. Beverley tries to starve me, and make my position unbearable—but I mean to remain."

This was said with a quiet determination which convinced me that Miss Beverley had some stronger reason for her resolve than merely the annoying of her stepmother.

"Further," she added—"I have arranged that the greater part of the money which you pay should go towards housekeeping expenses, so that there shall be no cause for complaint. To be on the safe side, I consulted the trustees before asking you to come, and I would not rob Marthe of a penny for the world."

"And she?" I asked.

"She lives with her mother in the opposite wing. The child was fond of me, but I do not often see her now. I should love her but for one unfortunate trait which she has inherited from Mrs. Beverley. You will find out what that is before long if you have anything to do with them."

At this moment there was a sott tap at the door, and in answer to Margaret's "Come in!" a child entered.

At first sight I thought the child was either deformed or a dwarf. Her head, crowned with a quantity of sott brown hair devoid of curl or ripple, was much too large for her body, and was slightly bent forward, seeming to droop between her shoulders.

Her figure was short and set, but singularly small; her face pale, the mouth large and resolute; the eyes were large, limpid, dark brown in color, and full of a deep vague meaning, looking strange and almost weird in so young a child.

They were soft and beautiful eyes—bewildering, but never lustrous. Her frocks were rather long and full in the skirts, made altogether in an old-fashioned way that seemed to add to her age.

"You are not in bed, then, Marthe," remarked Margaret. "This is Miss Meredith, whom I told you I expected this evening."

CHAPTER II.

THE child came forward and extended her hand to me with a politeness and mannerism which I felt to be rather affected. Then she turned to Margaret.

"I could not go to bed, dear Marguerite," replied Marthe, in a voice soft and plaintive as her eyes. "It is so lonely there when mamma is out." She nestled up to her elder sister as she spoke, and put her arms around her neck, looking at me however the while with a solemn scrutiny, and an expression that somehow reminded me that I was a stranger.

Presently, having established herself on Margaret's knee, she sat up and gazed into the fire with an air of profound melancholy.

"You must know," said the child, "that I do not expect mamma home until quite late, so I told Sophie that as I could not think of lying awake so many hours—for of course I should not be able to go to sleep until mamma returned—she must bring me across here to see you. Sometimes, in fact, I wish that I lived here with you, Marguerite, altogether."

"You are a great deal better off as you are, Marthe," remarked the elder girl, rather brusquely I thought.

"Mamma is so seldom at home. She is gone to the theatre at S——. I hope some day she will consider me old enough to accompany her.

"Do you know that to-night she wore some beautiful jewels—diamonds—and Sophie told me that really they are mine, and that when I grow up it is I who will have the right to wear them. Still, of course," Marthe added, with a magnanimous air, "I would always lend some to mamma—or to you, Marguerite, but you never go out. I think you would look as pretty as mamma if you dressed as finely as she does."

"I think," said Margaret decidedly, "that it is time for little girls to go to bed. Ah, here is Sophie!"

It was a great relief to me to see the maid appear at the door. She was a tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered Frenchwoman, with a hard forbidding expression, and wore a dress of black silk. She was fair and sallow, and wore pink ribbons in her cap and upon her white muslin apron.

"Come, Miss Marthe—it is nearly ten o'clock!" the woman told her charge in French. "It is absolutely necessary that thou shouldst go to bed! To-morrow it will be, 'Ah, Sophie, what a headache I have,'"

Marthe evidently did not dare to dispute Sophie's ultimatum. She at once kissed Margaret and bade her "Good night," and shook hands with me, then accompanied the maid from the room, giving her little skirts a curious jerk and swing, full of protest and importance, as she went.

I was so sorry to see her retire.

"Poor child!" I could not help exclaiming as the door closed behind her.

"Ah, poor child indeed!" echoed Margaret, with a sigh. Then she immediately added, "She is an extraordinary little being. I may as well warn you to use the utmost caution as to what you say when she is present.

"She is full of tortuous methods. I could scarcely have believed so much scheming capacity possible in so young a child; she never acts from a directly apparent motive. For instance, it was entirely curiosity to see you that brought her here to-night.

"Had any remark been made about her mother it would have been more than fully retailed to Sophie. Marthe has no conception at present of truth under any form. She is being educated as a religious child, and is very pious, but apparently takes to her prayers as other children take to their dolls.

"They appeal to her imagination and to her theatrical tendencies. I really think her capacity for lying is due to an excess of imagination—fact and fancy seem hopelessly fixed in her little mind. I had not meant to tell you this to-night; but, as she has introduced herself, I think it is better to warn you."

I mentally resolved to behave towards Mademoiselle Marthe with the utmost caution, and wondered if this were the peculiar trait in her character which she had inherited from her mother.

The following morning after breakfast, which was served in my own apartment by Clarice, I went to the sitting room, where I sat alone for a few minutes before Margaret appeared.

The day was wet, and altogether I felt far less cheerful than on the previous evening. I had slept but little, and, during the night, had had ample opportunities for reflecting on the strangeness of the household in which I found myself.

I felt the utmost confidence in Miss Beverley, and could understand her strong desire for a companion to share her solitude; but by all accounts the lady on the other side of the building seemed a very dubious character.

The story of the altered will and Mr. Beverley's death was suggestive and unpleasant, even without taking into consideration her previous disappearance. Sophie, if my experience in physiognomy were of any value, was a dangerous and unscrupulous woman, while poor little Marthe seemed a most uncanny specimen of childhood.

The family solicitor had been Miss Beverley's reference when I thought of making Beverley Hall my temporary home. He had spoken of his client in such eloquent terms, and was a man of such well-known probity, that I had deemed further inquiry needless; but, during that first night, I almost wished I had been less easily satisfied.

I wondered particularly why Margaret should have chosen to have a French maid instead of some homely Englishwoman, who would surely have been a better companion in the circumstances, and the reason for this I hoped to be able to discover.

It would be necessary to know how far Clarice was to be trusted if, as I hoped, I was to complete my visit without becoming embroiled in family disputes.

However, when Margaret, fresh and fair in her morning toilet, and looking so eminently trustworthy, joined me, my gloom and anxiety vanished as though by magic.

While we exchanged our morning greetings, I found myself, instead of foreboding evils, wondering it our chance acquaintance might lead to my being of some service to her, and growing eager to devote myself to her interest should occasion arise.

"How shall we amuse ourselves this morning?" she asked, when we had mutually deplored the wretched weather. "Suppose, as we cannot go out, that I get over a duty which I feel will be incumbent upon me at one time or another, and show you the house—or such portion of it as I can? In the afternoon perhaps we shall be able to drive or walk, for this downpour cannot last all day."

I assented readily, for the old house, I thought, might possibly provide material for "copy," and very probably the place contained some fine pictures. Perhaps, also, we might catch sight of Mrs. Beverley, concerning whom I felt a good deal of curiosity.

After all however we were not very well rewarded for the trouble of our cold morning ramble.

There was one or two good portraits in the picture gallery; but the family did not seem to be a very old one, and the whole place was very much after the pattern of any ordinary English country house.

The bedrooms were still furnished with four-post bedsteads and mahogany bureaus, while the furniture was not old enough to be picturesque, nor new enough to be artistic.

Still, the house suggested the possession of money, and little Marthe was no doubt a great heiress, judging from Margaret's account of the size of the estate.

There were no quaint corners or unaccountably thick walls or suggestions of intermural passages, or even a family ghost. Everything was handsome and solid, leaving no room for imagination to conjure up mystery or romance.

We were on the point of returning towards our quarters, and were upon the ground floor, standing near the entrance to the wing inhabited by Marthe and Mrs. Beverley, when I noticed a green baize-covered door, apparently securely fastened, and asked whether it led to another room.

"Ah, that," replied Margaret, "leads to our one mystery; but, as my father disliked anything of the sort, he had the door securely closed and the opening behind it filled in with plaster and cement! I will tell you all about it as we go back—I am getting perished with cold. That door," she resumed, as we turned away, "leads to what I may term the folly of my great-grandmother.

"She was an actress of some renown, and, after her marriage, conceived the idea of excavating an underground theatre, where she could at all times have an artificial light.

"I believe there were already some very large disused cellars belonging to the house before it was rebuilt. My great-grandmother made a practice of gratifying her whims, and set to work upon the cellars.

In due time a theatre, a dressing room, and a supper room were all fitly prepared, decorated, ventilated, and illuminated. I have heard my father say that for spaciousness and commodiousness they would bear comparison with the subterranean rooms at Welbeck.

"Well," Margaret continued, "the arrangements being completed, my great-grandmother proceeded to ask down her London friends with the idea of having a series of performances.

"Among those invited was one who had been madly in love with the old lady before her marriage. I never heard that she requested his company on account of any special partiality for him, but only because he was a good actor.

"It turned out however one night that in the piece chosen it fell to the part of this man, Harry Howard, who was playing the hero, to fight a duel with my great-grandfather.

"In the piece the roles of real life were reversed—the actor represented the husband of Dorothy Beverley, who played the heroine, while Squire Beverley played the lover. The weapons employed in the duel were rapiers; but so blunted as to be quite harmless should one of the combatants chance to scratch the other.

"It was a night performance, the theatre was full of guests, and an orchestra of violins was in attendance. The duel scene was an example of wonderful skill on both sides, and there was tremendous applause.

"Suddenly the point of Howard's rapier touched John Beverley, who suddenly grew deathly pale, but continued fighting. The next moment Howard had run him through the body, and Squire Beverley fell lifeless, his blood flowing in a stream across the stage.

"It was said that Howard's rapier had been changed by accident, but how was never clearly accounted for. My great-grandmother, the beautiful Dorothy, nearly went mad with grief; and, as you may readily imagine, the theatre was never used again.

"Howard was tried for manslaughter, but was acquitted on the plea that he had not known the nature of the weapon. The rapier was one which had always hung in the squire's study, no one knew who had moved it; but the blunted weapon was found there in its place.

"The error was said to have been due to the carelessness of the servants, as a lot of the stage properties had been placed temporarily in the study, where the duel had been rehearsed the night previously; and, in the confusion of carrying them down, the mistake was supposed to have occurred.

"Still, those of the spectators who had closely watched the Squire's face felt sure that he, at any rate, knew of the change. However that may be, the place obtained the reputation of being haunted.

"On the anniversary of the representation of that fatal play it was said that the music of the violins and the applause of the spectators could be again dimly heard.

"A party of young men and girls, who once ventured down to the theatre during my grandfather's time, came rushing back in deadly fear, averring that they had seen the place suddenly lighted up, the stalls and boxes filled with guests, and the whole scene of the deadly duel fought out upon the stage.

"But my father, as I have told you, had the door leading to the staircase securely fastened up, and for years now no one has ever pretended to hear the violins."

We had reached our own bright sitting-room as Margaret concluded her story, and I was not sorry. If I had desired mystery, I had found it with a vengeance, and the annals of the Beverley family were not altogether cheerful hearing.

"And Dorothy Beverley?" I inquired.

"I am glad to say that she remained a widow," answered Margaret. "If there was foul play, I believe that she, at any rate, was innocent of it. You saw her picture in the gallery, and I told you that she had a history, if you remember. My grandfather was her son, and her only child."

I did remember, for I had noticed the fair young face of the actress as bearing some slight resemblance to Margaret, and undoubtedly the most beautiful of the Beverley line.

About four o'clock that afternoon the weather cleared, and Miss Beverley proposed that we should go for a walk. The intermediate hours had passed pleasantly enough in the, to me, luxury of idleness, solaced by a box of books from Mudie's, which I found reached my hostess regularly every fortnight.

The Park, seen from the windows, still looked wet, and the trees appeared as brown and despondent as though even their long experience had failed to reassure them concerning the return of sunshine and verdure. The prospect of fresh air however, and of making some acquaintance with the neighborhood, was not to be lost. I laid down my book, forsook the warm fireside, put on my stoutest boots, and Margaret and I sallied forth.

The park, no doubt, would have been charming in fine weather; but, in the circumstances, we soon forsook the wet grass for the high road, and tramped along a considerable distance without encountering either adventure or much variety.

So far I had not seen Mrs. Beverley, and, as we had passed the west wing, I glanced at the windows, thinking my curiosity might be gratified by a glimpse of her; but I saw only Marthe's pale face pressed against the pane, looking out. I thought, rather wistfully.

The day was fast darkening, and we were just about to turn homewards, when I saw a smart-looking gig approaching us, rattling merrily along, drawn by a high-stepping chestnut.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ALTERED MEANING.

BY E. K.

"They build too low who build beneath the stars."
The artist smiled, and slackened in his toil,
The infant way was born, and fiery bars
Spread out their torches o'er the pulsing soil.
"Up with the red sun I shall mount," he said,
"And flash my colors over sea and land;
Old men will bow with reverence at my tread,
While women's hearts will flutter to my hand.
Let others' high hopes crumble—mine shall stand—
"They build too low who build beneath the stars."

The cross of sorrow crushed the artist's gain,
Life's bitter-sweet came also with its joys;
Love's roses withered in the rushing rain,
The child he treasured most left all her toys;
Pain gave a deeper sonnet to the birds,
Cold anguish taught what rapture could not claim;
A truer meaning thrilled the old-time words
Not earthen-clogged, but lit with deathless flame;
And from the Tideless Sea the echo came—
"They build too low who build beneath the stars."

A Trifler.

BY L. K.

"SHOULD you have known me again?"

The speaker's voice was wistful.

"Oh yes, indeed I should," the answer came perhaps a little too eagerly.

"Yet when we met—near your door the other day—you passed me."

"And you passed me," came the quick retort.

They both laughed.

"I did hesitate," said the first speaker. "One is so afraid of meeting with rebuff if one addresses a stranger, and I had no idea you lived in Richmond—but the fact that I paused and would have spoken if I dared shows that you are not changed at all. And yet it is ten years since we were at school together."

"Well, even at twenty-eight one isn't so very venerable nowadays. I am glad you took the trouble to verify your suspicion, and find me out. I suppose you got my address from the directory? Let me give you some tea."

"I am thirty, you know, dear," said Mrs. Arkwright, with that plaintive cadence in her voice, as she sipped her tea. "I was one of the big girls when you came—a poor little home-sick mite—to Bonn.

"I had got used by that time to sauerkraut and all the dreadful messes they gave us to eat, and thought it the most thrilling of experiences when our student masters were invited to supper. But you were a proud little thing, Theo; you starved yourself rather than eat strange food, and you had never anything but disdain for those luckless boys."

"I remember their shirts—coarser than the coarsest sheeting, and their long hair, and the liberal use they made of their knives." Miss Dale made an expressive little grimace. "But you atoned for my rudeness; Helen, you were so gracious, they all adored you."

She was looking with inward speculation at her friend: as the old face evolved itself out of the new, Helen Arkwright did not seem very different from Helen Peel after all.

A little thinner, perhaps, but that was if anything a gain; her violet eyes had the same meekness, time had scarcely dimmed her hair's yellow lustre; the girl who had bewitched every male creature beyond the callous schoolboy stage, might still, if she would, reign a queen of hearts.

Yet if rumor, long forgotten and now dimly recalled were true, she had gone through more thrilling experiences than any that belonged to the callow days of girlhood.

Her marriage had been a grave mistake, if not a tragedy; dearly paid for in any case by the wealth of which as a widow she was now possessed.

She wore black—whether out of some dim tradition of "proper respect" for a husband whose death must have been a release, or whether because she knew it became and set off her pallor and her fairness, Miss Dale could not determine.

Helen Peel—she would not think of her by her married name—was the type of woman who loves the conventional, but on the other hand, no one could accuse her of overweening personal vanity.

"Tell me about yourself, Theo. You live here—all alone?"

"All alone, indeed, with the exception of my factotum in the kitchen. I might fairly be dubbed a bachelor woman, but the lady of the latchkey usually lives 'in diggings,' I believe. I aspire to be a householder, you see.

"I have $1 000 a year, left me by my mother, all she had to leave. She had a large annuity, but we lived up to the last penny. I make $250 more in ways that wouldn't interest you, and here I am. There isn't a room in this scrap of a house big enough, as the saying goes, to swing a cat in, but it holds me and my belongings and an occasional friend."

"It is charming," said Mrs. Arkwright with sincerity, and indeed it deserved the praise.

Blue felt clad its floors and staircase. ("It's such a mistake to have scraps of different colored carpet in a doll's house like this," Miss Dale explained.) Upon the dull blue ground were laid Eastern rugs of well-blended tints; the furniture and china were chosen to fit the proportions of the rooms. It was all on a lilliputian scale, but as dainty and fine as the owner of it.

Mrs. Arkwright looked round her with a feeling half of envy.

"I live in a huge house," she said, "a house that you could never make into a home. It has no sort of individuality. Its furnishings are there chiefly because they are expensive, the chairs and cabinets look as if they ought to be ticketed to let you know their value. I long to be a little shabby, but I daren't."

Theodore Dale smiled.

"Shabbiness wouldn't suit you, you go best with splendors. Though all those impecunious Germans fell in love with you, you would never have condescended to become a mere downtrodden hausfrau. I daresay you have refused scores of detrimentals since."

"I married a rich man," said Mrs. Arkwright with a sigh which she checked. "Come and see me, Theo. You will not like my house, but I'll make you like me, as you said to do, if I can."

"That won't be difficult."

Theodora Dale felt that she could easily be interested in this old friend, to the point of liking her more than a little, but circumstances still held them apart. She had her $250 to earn, and she did it laboriously.

Journalists who will accept the work of amateurs pay for it on a scale which accords with its merits. Miss Dale wrote a great deal for very little, and though she had been accounted a clever girl at school the world that metes out literary awards had not yet discovered in her the coming woman.

It was in her own personality that her charm chiefly lay. She was a brunette, slim, odd-looking, vivacious, earnest; she could not look at you with her dark eyes without raising a wonder in you as to what she was thinking about.

One evening she came home from town feeling out of tune with life. The day had been very hot, and in spite of its veiling mantle of Virginia creeper the little house looked hot too, and airless.

But as she opened the door with her latchkey her face changed; a hat hung upon the peg in the little hall, and at sight of it her soul revived within her.

She ran upstairs to her own room, washed away her dust, repaired her disheveiment, and walked smilingly, composed and dignified into her tiny drawing-room.

"The wings and breast of a chicken, and a pottle of strawberries I bought in town just now—can you support life on that, Hansard? Since you didn't give Mother Hubbard notice to replenish the cupboard you don't deserve anything more!"

Hansard Lloyd rose with a laugh. He was young—that is to say he was thirty—which is mere boyhood for a man in these days, and he was very good-looking.

"But you don't expect me to be conventional," he said reproachfully. "Haven't we agreed that it's the unexpected alone that gives life its charm."

"If there is enough to eat," she said quaintly.

"Oh, there's enough! But I must make the salad as usual."

"Wait till I prepare Sarah," she said, but he ran down to the miniature kitchen at her heels.

"I've already propitiated Sarah!" he cried, and indeed the elderly handmaid who ministered to Miss Dale grinned a welcome. Hansard was a privileged person.

Theodora, who was but a half-hearted new woman, sometimes wondered whether she ought to allow him to dine with her twice a week, and accompany her as frequently as he did to theatres and concerts, but Hansard was Hansard, and there was nothing more to be said. He was a law unto himself.

He was a sweet-tempered fellow, and women loved to do as he bade them. Sarah flew for the oil and vinegar; Theodora seated herself on a corner of the kitchen table and looked at him wonderingly.

He was so earnest, so neat, so unerring over his work. A half dozen different flavorings went to the blend, and not one obtruded itself unduly. The dressing was the work of an artist—and yet he was not earnest in large matters.

"Hansard," she said when they were eating the chicken, "when are you going to begin to do something?"

"What a question to ask of a man who has just earned his dinner!"

"But—you can't live by making salad-dressings," she smiled, "and upon my word, Hansard, I don't know what else you're fit for. When is your new book coming out?"

"Never hurry a poet," he said solemnly. "I have an inspiration, Theo—I shall call it 'Salad Dressing,' and dedicate it to you, who are the sauce piquante of my life."

She could not help the color in her cheeks, but she tried to say severely:

"Have you got no further than the title?"

"No further, indeed! Why, the title is everything, it determines and limits the whole; it shapes, it rounds one's conceptions. It is like the name of one's beloved: an incentive, a spur, an obligation. You who are one of the initiated to scoff at a title, indeed!"

"Ah, but I have no inspirations," she said, with a shade of self scorn. "I write to a picture or a suggestion, my stories are manufactured to order; I am a day laborer, a hired slave; but you—you need not wear shackles if you would be free."

There was pathos and pleading in her voice, with its odd thrill of earnestness—she believed in him. He was emotional, and the thought well nigh drew tears.

He picked out the largest strawberries and laid them on her plate. His hand was very near hers as it rested on the white cloth; impossible not to place his own on it caressingly.

"Dear," he said, and his voice was tender as a woman's, "have patience with me: I am a harum-scarum fellow, I know, and it isn't in me to stick steadily to anything. I suppose I'm made that way, born under an erratic star; but if you believe in me——"

"Of course I believe in you," she answered brusquely. "You could do great things: almost the greatest, and oh, Hansard, you stop short at the least."

"Women are too ambitious," he said with his pleasant laugh. "They won't be content without the biggest prize—but if ever I do anything at all, it will only be a second class success."

"That would do for a beginning," she said; and then she suddenly drew her hand away, for Sarah came in to ask if they wanted the lamp.

But for the rest of the evening he was his better, braver self. While she was at his side to encourage, it seemed to him possible to scale the heights of fame.

Hitherto there had been promise rather than achievement. He had done one or two brilliant little things, he might have done more, but the spur of poverty was lacking. He had that fatalest of clogs, a secure income, enough for all needful wants, though too little for the golden pleasure he would have preferred.

He was not the genius Theodora Dale believed him; but he had a facile serviceable talent that might have stood him in better stead had he unfolded it from the napkin where it lay hid.

She desired him to be great: but, womanlike her heart demanded first that he should love her. The rest would follow. Her love would lift him on wings. She would give him so much that he must needs return it to the world in full measure.

Next day he wrote her one of those little notes he had the trick of making so charmingly personal and intimate. He told her that spurred on by her ambition for him, and zealous to win her regard, he had begun his book.

He was working at it night and day while the divine afflatus lasted. She must not tempt him by so much as the ghost of an invitation. Their little impromptu dinners, their impulsive excursions into the world of pleasure must rest. Was he not working for her?

Her heart sang its triumph. She longed to see him, but sternly forbade the desire. She wrote to him, but her letter cost her bitter tears of mortification. It was stiff, artificial; he would feel it a check rather than encouragement; try as she would, she could not express the depth of her feeling.

He had said it in a thousand ways, but never yet in the words her heart longed for—I love you; the woman's fear of being over bold was like a chill hand laid on her throbbing impulses.

For ten days she saw and heard no more of him; then one afternoon they suddenly met. He was dressed as a traveler, and carried a hand bag. He greeted her warmly, but somehow her heart fell.

"Were you coming to me?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Don't scold, but the truth is I was running away from you—my monitor! Yes, indeed, I've been grinding and sweating—wiring in—anything you like! Don't you see how thin I've grown? The fact is, I'm dying for a breath of fresh air.

"It's suicidal to go on writing in a London lodging without a break. I defy any man to do it, save at the expense of his work. Saturday to Monday only—I give you my solemn pledge."

"You needn't, Hansard," she said, a little wounded. "You owe me no duty." Did she hope he would contradict her?

"Ah, but are you not my conscience?"

"Then your conscience absolves you!" She strove after lightness. "The truth is, I was thinking of running away from home myself for a day or two." She had only made up her mind that very moment.

"I am going to make a rash experiment. I am going to take a friend at her word who gave me a general invitation months ago to visit her at any time. I wonder if she will regret her impulsiveness when she sees me with bag and baggage? Surprises are follies as a rule."

"Not in your case, since you must be certain of a welcome," he said cordially. "I think you're quite right to take it easy for a bit, Theo; I always told you you went on grinding too hard. How jolly it would have been if we had been bound the same way!"

"But I'm not going till Monday."

"And on Monday, behold me invoking the muse once more!"

Theodora had a conference with Sarah on Monday morning, when she settled the sequence of her handmaid's solitary meals for the ensuing days, and superintended the putting away of the silver. While she packed her bag, Sarah went to the Almshouses to secure the company of an old woman during her mistress' absence.

She wondered on Monday afternoon, when the station fly was crawling up Mrs. Arkwright's trim avenue, whether she had indeed been wise to come uninvited, but it was too late then for reflection or repentance.

The gray-haired butler assured her that Mrs. Arkwright was at home.

"But is she disengaged? Is she alone?"

"She has a visitor at present, madam, but he will be leaving shortly."

"Then do not on any account disturb her. Put me somewhere where I can wait, and do not announce me until she is alone."

She was led through what seemed to her a bewildering number of rooms. She had expected Helen's home to be splendid, but this was very splendid indeed.

"How could she sit in my little bandbox of a house and admire it!" she said to herself with a laugh as she was at last left in the immense drawing room. "Why, the whole of it would go easily into this room, and something left to spare!"

It was pretty much as Helen had described it, a collection of expensive furniture and rare bric-a-brac, but there were no evidences that the mistress sat in it habitually; no work basket, no books or magazines.

Even the flowers were manifestly gardener's bouquets. It was eminently a room for show. The French windows opened on to a covered verandah which was far more homelike than the room itself. Creepers twined round the pillars, and hanging baskets full of gay flowers made spots of brightness.

The Indian rugs were toned by sun and use, the lounge chairs had taken comfortable angles. "That is Helen's real drawing room," thought Theodora, noticing a volume of poetry, a new novel, and a flimsy bit of needlework on one table, while empty coffee cups on a silver tray stood on another.

She was tempted to step out and bathe herself in the August warmth and fragrance, but a glimpse of fluttering skirts between the trees on the further side of the lawn deterred her.

"It is Helen and her friend," she thought, and withdrew from observation. The word "friend" came spontaneously

There was something in Helen Arkwright's bending, swaying walk—in the man's absorption as he turned towards her—that even at a distance betrayed their intimacy.

"I wonder if Helen is thinking of marrying again?" her thoughts ran idly. More than ever, as footsteps were audible on the gravel of the terrace, did she wish she had written, had permitted the dignified butler to warn Helen of her arrival. "If they come in here what a fool I shall look!" ran the inward comment, but they did not enter the room.

She heard the creak of the basket chairs as they seated themselves on the verandah, the swish of Helen's silk-lined skirt.

"Now if they are going to be confidential, I must either march out upon them or make my escape by one of these doors. I'm afraid Helen's butler will think me a lunatic."

Then Helen's voice plaintively—

"Must you really go, dear?"

Theodora was arrested. She found herself listening for the reply with a dreadful prevision of coming evil. Only one instant of warning, and then a voice she knew in every one of its cadences made answer:

"I fear I must. There's a dinner engagement I can't escape. Besides, my dearest one, there is work."

"I'm afraid you work too hard, Hansard."

"I could not do that if I were ever to succeed in achieving anything worthy to lay at your feet."

"Ah, but it is not what you do, it is you yourself who are all the world to me."

What a thrill there was in Helen's voice, the vibration that you only hear when love awakens it. It went like a sword to the listener's heart; there was no longer any question of making her escape.

This concerned her vitally—her alone. Honor? What is honor when one's whole life is at stake? She must hear it out to the very end.

"It is you yourself, dear love," Helen was repeating. "I am weary of people who live only to be seen and heard of men—the people who do things for effect.

"You would be nobler than that—you would give because you could not help it, and never care for men's applause or the world's rewards; but I—I am greedy; I want to share you with no one—not yet—some day perhaps; but after all those dreadful years——" she gave a shuddering sigh.

He drew her close.

"You are so restful, beloved," he murmured; "it is such peace to be with you—such utter peace and rest. Other women act as a spur and whip."

"Other women, Hansard?"

"You are my only law!" he said, with a joyous laugh. "We shall live for each other, you and I. Ah, Helen, who taught you to be so divinely, beautifully charitable? Other women care nothing for a man unless he has achieved fame. 'Satisfy my ambition and you shall buy my love,' they say; but you—you give the love first—you ask no price."

"Because you have already given me all," she whispered. "Love knows no barter, Hansard; it is its one joy to bestow."

The eavesdropper's head fell upon her breast. She heard no more—it was as if she were turned to stone. The voices murmured on and on, but they fell on deaf ears.

The power of suffering had reached its limit. It was not she; it was some other Theodora who had lived long, long ago who had been martyred in this gorgeous drawing-room. Strange setting for a crucifixion—she smiled drearily—and now she was dead and she did not feel or care any more.

She heard without hearing Hansard Lloyd's coaxing entreaties, "Come with me a little way, beloved; don't be cruel and send me away alone. Let us go down through the shrubbery and the lower wood. There is half an hour yet, and I can catch the fly on the road."

How long she sat she did not know; it might have been half a life-time. Once the butler looked in, perhaps with a vague suspicion of the stranger whose behavior was so mysterious.

She was seated quietly enough in a dark corner between the French windows. He made some murmured apology about not being able to find his mistress. Theodora smiled. She could have told him where to look for her. How did she know? The words were beating in her brain and clamoring for utterance, "She has gone with her lover—he was my lover once—through the lower wood!"

Did she say them aloud? The man was respectfully asking her if she would have tea. She declined, and he left her. It was then she discovered that she had been grasping the arms of her chair till her fingers were bruised and aching. Her right hand glove of pearl gray that matched her dress was split.

How untidy Helen would think her. Silence again. She was beating back memory—the memory of days and hours in the little house at Richmond. Not yet, not yet, her bruised heart cried—let me forget a little longer.

Then with a light tripping step, almost a run, a smile of the most eager welcome upon her beautiful face, Helen came in.

"Theo," she cried, "how good of you! How delightful this is. What a dear girl you are to give me such a delicious surprise. I only met Brooks just now, looking for me"—how royally Helen blushed. "I was out in the woods. Have you been waiting long, my poor dear?"

"I don't quite know, I—I didn't notice," said Theo, all her efforts bent on controlling her voice, which sounded so odd and far off in her ears. It had a strange note for Helen too. She drew the girl out of the corner.

"What is the matter? Oh, how ill you look, my poor Theo!"

Strange that anybody could be ill when the world was so beautiful. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I have not been very well, I think," said Theo faintly.

"And you came to me for change and rest. Dear girl, how glad I am. I will take the greatest care of you till you get quite strong again.

"It will be like the old days over again. Come to your room and rest a little before dinner. I'm afraid you've been working too hard!"

"You don't like people to work hard?" Theodora said, climbing the wide shallow stairs as if it were a mountain. The words seemed to be a bit of a dimly-remembered scene.

"No," said Helen, with a conscious laugh and mantling blush. "Oddly enough I was preaching laziness to a friend who was with me just now."

"A friend?" ("Let me get it over; it is the last stab," said Theo to herself.)

"Yes." Helen stole an arm round her friend's waist. "I want to tell you about him. It was he I went to see off. Perhaps you may have heard of him. Here is your room. Sit down, dear, and let me wait on you—you look so tired." She stood behind Theo busying herself with the long pin that secured her hat. "His name is Hansard Lloyd."

"Hansard Lloyd," repeated Theo mechanically—"Oh, yes; I know him."

"How nice," murmured Helen, stooping to kiss her friend. "And—I hope you like him. Do you know him very well?"

"No," said Theo slowly, staring at the pattern of the carpet. "I don't think I know him very well. People take a long time to know. He writes, you know."

"Oh, then I think you must be the friend he was telling me of! A literary friend who was so diligent and brave and always at work, and who reproached him for being lazy—that would be quite like you, with your passion for doing, Theo!"

"Yes," said Theo, "that would be quite like me."

"I must ask him if it was you. What a surprise it will be to him to find we are such old friends. If you had come a little earlier you would have met."

She was kneeling in front of her guest, unbuttoning her jacket. Theo let her hands fall on her shoulders.

"You love him, Helen; you mean to marry him?"

"I love him; I mean to marry him." Helen made her confession with brave, shining eyes. "You know him as a clever man, Theo, who might make his mark in the world if he cared, but I can never think of anything but his goodness and tenderness.

"But for him I think I should have gone mad that last year of my husband's life. It was one long terrible humiliation, one continued insult." She hid her face. "We were abroad; so was he—Hansard."

"Five years ago," said Theo, under her breath.

"My husband took a fancy to him. He could control him as no one else could. I think it was his pity for me that began it. He was so chivalrous, so unobtrusively kind—always helping when he could—and never letting me feel. We didn't see each other for years after, and then, when we met again——"

"Yes," said Theo gently, "I understand. I think when I am rested a little—but I am very tired just now—I shall write to Mr. Lloyd and congratulate him."

"But you must rest now, my poor darling. Oh, I am deeply ashamed of myself to think that I should have been so full of self when you are so weary. But I had to tell somebody," she laughed, in her happiness. "Now I am going to pull down the blind and you must lie down and try to sleep. I shall send you up some tea, and you are not to move till I come to you."

Left alone in the merciful dusk Theodora asked herself:

"If I had been writing this—as an imaginary story of another woman—what should I have done? He has won the love of two good women, and he is all undeserving of both.

"It would be so easy to punish him, so easy to draw him into a flirtation—ah me, was it never more than that?—and to secure that Helen this time should be eavesdropper. She would see then how base he is. But it would break her heart. Perhaps it is her love that is destined to lift him. He may answer to the silken rein rather than the spur.

"Perhaps, oh, perhaps, when he has all that the world can give him he will realize that he too owes a debt and will pay it.

"I thought I was strong, but when it comes to the test, I am weak—weak as water—I suppose women are when they love. Oh, poor Helen; I hope he will make her happy!"

The day came when Theo found her fate in one who was more worthy of her than the inconsistent Hansard Lloyd. Time is merciful and she then realised that she had had a lucky escape.

As for Helen, the question Theo asked herself was never answered. Helen's nature, less deep and exacting, was more easily satisfied; and if her marriage did not quite come up to her ideal, she wisely kept silent upon the point, and to all outward appearance was a happy woman.

THANKS TO A HOAX.—A man's kindness of heart and love of a practical joke produced, many years ago, a most famous hoax.

This man, Faxon by name, had a friend who went to Silver Lake, a beautiful body of water a few miles south of Buffalo, in what was then a wild and picturesque country, where he built a superb hotel, hoping to make the place a popular resort.

He expended a fortune in building and fitting up the hotel, but, as people did not go to the place in considerable numbers, it failed to become much of a *resort*, and the man was about to be financially ruined.

Faxon went to the place for a few days' relaxation, and, seeing the condition of affairs, invented a scheme which his friend dubiously fell into.

At the town of Buffalo lived a young German tinsmith of an ingenious turn of mind. To him Faxon went, and under the latter's direction an immense tin snake was secretly made, and so contrived that by the use of wires it would go into serpentine writhings, and open and shut its enormous mouth.

This bit of mechanism was quietly taken to Silver Lake, and so fixed in the water—which was very deep—that by wires worked from the cellar of the hotel it would show itself on the surface, snap its mouth, and dive down again.

The snake being arranged in working order, Faxon went back to Buffalo, and in a leading paper printed, under great "scare heads," the story of his discovery of an enormous snake in Silver Lake.

People visited the place by hundreds, and then by thousands. The hotel and its barn and out-buildings of all kinds were filled with guests; people went there and camped on the shores of the lake, his snakeship coming to the surface at satisfactory intervals and doing his share of the work. So the fame of the Silver Lake snake went abroad.

Finally, one day the wires broke, the snake floated to the surface and turned the white colored portion of its body to the sky, just like any other dead snake, and the great hoax was exploded.

But Faxon's friend had in the meantime saved his fortune, and Silver Lake became quite a fashionable resort after all.

SILK AS A BAROMETER.—Silk dresses rustle much more loudly in dry weather, because they are almost devoid of moisture, and the friction between their folds is considerable. When rain is impending, the silks absorb a portion of the moisture and become more silent.

Scientific and Useful.

STRAINS.—Belladonna or iodine liniment is the best remedy to apply to sprains, and, if the sprain is at all severe, the part should be frequently bathed with hot water.

AN ADULTERANT DETECTOR.—The Rontgen rays have a new sphere of usefulness. By their aid chalk can be detected in flour, brick dust in cayenne pepper, sand in spices and many other similar sophistications.

TELEPHONIC EAR CUSHION.—A telephone receiver has been patented in Germany which has on its face a small hollow rubber ring (like a bicycle tire, only quite small), so that when held to the ear it fits it closely, thereby excluding all other disturbing sounds.

STEEL WOOL.—This has been introduced as a substitute for glass paper in Germany. It is made of threads of shredded steel with sharp cutting edges; it works more quickly and uniformly than sand paper, does not gum or clog, and, being flexible, can be used in smoothing elaborate carvings.

THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.—It is said that singers, actors and public speakers find that since the introduction of the electric light they have less trouble with their voices and they are less likely to catch cold, their throats are not so parched and they feel better. This is due to the air being less vitiated and the temperature more even.

GOOD CEMENT FOR HARD RUBBER.—Dissolve some bleached gutta-percha in carbon bisulphide. Make the join, and, when dry, brush over with carbon bisulphide in which sulphur has been dissolved, or take equal parts of pitch and gutta-percha melted together, add some linseed-oil, which contains litharge. Melt until all are well mixed. Use no more of the linseed-oil than necessary. Apply warm.

STONES.—Some stones, like timber, require seasoning. Stone is often spoken of as the synonym of solidity ("as solid as a rock," we say), but, as a matter of fact, stone is very far from being solid, for between the molecules which compose the mass of the most enduring stone there exists much space for air, moisture, etc.

The seasoning of stone prior to use for building purposes has been well understood by the architects of all ages, but in the modern rush of nineteenth-century building too little attention has been paid to it.

Farm and Garden.

ORCHARDS.—For the average farm, 50 apple trees make a nice-sized orchard. If the trees are planted about 30 feet apart each way they will occupy about an acre of ground.

MEAT.—Lean meat, cooked or raw, is the best substance to induce the hens to lay—one pound once a day for 16 hens, being sufficient. Avoid the feeding of too much grain to laying hens, as a fat hen will not produce many eggs.

TILES.—In selecting tile a straight, even bore with no projections on the inside is much more important than a hard, glazed surface. If tile is put below reach of frost, as it always ought to be, it will never dissolve by action of water alone. But if the tile is the least bit bending, this bend is sure to offer obstruction to water and lessen the tile's capacity. This is more noticeable on nearly level land where the fall is slight. Wherever any part of the tile dips below the line of the true fall, this depression will fill with sand or mud until this line is reached.

FRUIT.—Over-production of fruit is practically impossible for many years to come, if distribution can be made more uniform. The great study should be, not only to produce the best fruit, but so distribute it that all may have some and none too much. The great cities are often glutted with inferior fruit, carelessly picked, poorly packed and roughly handled, making reshipment to small cities and towns an impossibility. While this may result in good pay for the transportation companies, it leaves small profits for the commission man and a certain loss for the producer.

My little boy, five years old, had a Cough all his life. Last winter he took Whooping Cough, I thought he could not live. The doctor said his Lungs were diseased, and gave him medicine, but it did no good. Then I tried Jayne's Expectorant and it cured him.—I. C. RAWLS, Searight, Ala., Sept. 1895.

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Of Married Blessedness.

One of the forms which married blessedness takes is that it provides the most delightful of all companionships. That is a phase of married life that men and women value the more the older they grow. It is the secret of most of the unions of the aged at which younger people smile. But the truth ought to be felt with equal strength in earlier life. The best enjoyments are confirmed and doubled when they are shared; and with whom can they be so fruitfully shared as with a wife or husband? Who, for example, has not felt, when wandering through beautiful scenery, the inadequacy of individual enjoyment?

A mood that we would not miss may sometimes come to us with greater impressiveness when we are alone; but it is a fugitive visiting, and, if we indulge it, the next step is to become moody, which is a very different thing. Apart from the moods of the pensive and fanciful, there is far less to be gained by solitariness than by seeing the world side by side with a congenial companion, with whom impressions may be compared as they arrive and then stored as in a common memory. And who, pray, can so faithfully fulfil these conditions of mutual helpfulness as the husband and wife whose natures are complementary to one another? And then think of the barrenness of unshared enjoyment gained through books, compared with the readings that are an inducement to pleasant talk and an interchange of opinion, without leaving home to find a talker. Happy are they whose unforced companionship extends throughout the whole of their intellectual interests! Every experience is for them an enrichment of the future.

Furthermore, through a happy marriage we can all hope, better than in any other way, to be thoroughly understood. There are people who profess to feel keenly what they regard as the failure of the world to understand and appreciate them. These may be quite sure that, if they marry sensibly, their life's companion will understand them at least as well as they understand themselves. The good wife will know her husband as he wishes to be known, with excuses for his weaknesses, and the irradiation of love thrown upon all his virtues.

The primary condition of understanding any human being is to approach in sympathy; and that condition is only perfectly secured through love. It is true that in extreme cases love is blind; but that is more frequently the love of lovers or of parents than of husband and wife. This perfect understanding of each other through marriage should give to each a kind of supplementary self warding off the weaknesses that most easily assail us.

Thus wife and husband are like buckler-bearing attendants in the battle of life, each guarding the other against blows that one alone might not have detected. There is no better sharpener of the wits than love. And then how delicate are the allowances made by the tender hearts of those whose lives are one! Fatherhood has been chosen as the highest type of placability and unfailing care; but many of us will have known instances in marriage of an understanding tenderness that could not be surpassed in any other relation of life.

Civilized love is essentially unselfishness. What is it that gives the most delicate aroma to that married love that is unqualified blessedness but the delight in lavishing on the one who is loved whatever can bring to her or him the joy of life, peace of mind, contentment, the fulfilment of hope? And this exercise of unselfishness has in turn an ameliorative effect on the character of one who practises it.

Who has not seen the hard, self-contained, narrow-minded man become softened and expansive under the influence of a reciprocated care for the woman of his choice? A competition in unselfishness sets in. It is a feature of all truly happy marriages. To the pure egotist, the highest form of love is impossible. Such love seeks not its own. Of course, all except the very finest of natures will have occasional fallings away into selfish crabbedness and forgetful isolation, and these are the opportunities for allowance to be made by the other's love; but the moment the lapse into selfishness is noticed repentance will follow, and the understanding be once more complete.

Marriage of the happy kind we have been discussing has one of its great uses in its effects on general character and our attitude towards the outside world—it softens manners, mollifies asperities, and develops the generous side of a man's nature. But it has been said that, if you want the pick of mankind, you must take a good bachelor and a good wife—a distinction that is manifestly unfair to the good husband and the unspoiled old maid. The "good bachelor" finds it a comparatively easy matter to be agreeable. His choice of company is wide. The conditions of his life are not fixed for him to the same extent as are those of the married man.

But would he have been any the worse man for being a husband? The probability is that he would have been a better man, though less praised, for he would have had a closer acquaintance with the troubles and sorrows that soften the heart and bring a warm sense of human kinship. It would be strange indeed if the tenderness of married life and the necessity it lays on men and women of consideration for the thoughts and wills of those who are dear did not modify character for the better whenever the bias is in the right direction.

Probably there is little need for argument in favor of the advantages of a married state. Not the happiest married life will be free from contention. Why should it be? We contend with our friends, and like them the better for a brisk interchange of pleasantly-presented differences. A constant surface agreement is impossible without a lapse into insipidity; but underneath all the play of character which keeps intercourse bright there will with true lovers be unbroken and serene harmony. Where marriage is a failure, either there has been a bad choice, or a bad man or woman was in the selection.

He who deprives himself of necessary sleep that he may add to his wealth or his knowledge is in that action an immoral man, because he is cultivating conditions in which he cannot fulfil his duties. He may not exactly see how this will be so, but it is sure to follow in some way. He may break down and become a burden on his relatives, or he may grow nervous, irritable, and discontented; he may diminish his powers and shorten his life; in some way he will surely fail in his moral obligations. His future faults may be condoned, and he may persuade himself that he cannot help them, but the responsibility lies at the door of his previous misconduct.

A man who begins to feel some bodily ailment, like dimness of the sight, dulness of hearing, or feebleness of the hand, should refuse to recognize it as long as he can. Let no man talk about being old, let no man think about it, for he that begins to think that he is old is old. It is ignominious for men to settle down into ease and inactivity simply because they are growing old. It may not be necessary to lay upon age the full burden of life, it may be that a man should curtail his occupations and functions, but some occupation—and an occupation that wakes before the man does, and meets him at the rising hour, and pushes him through the whole day—he should regard as good fortune.

There must be some degree of judgment exercised as to choice of employment, of recreation, and of other interests. Some will be easily stimulated to exertion in one direction; others in quite a different one. These tendencies are signs which it is folly to neglect. Within certain limits we are free to choose, and such choice thereby becomes a duty and responsibility. To accept the inevitable with cheerfulness is a lesson worth learning; but to count as inevitable anything which a little resolution and energy might change for the better is to shut the door against our opportunity.

Not only in public life and under the gaze of the multitude do we find the true hero. In the home and the schoolroom, in the office and the open field, he may be discovered by those who can appreciate what heroism really is. Whoever has a high and worthy purpose at heart, whether of truth or duty or love, and also has the strength and courage to work, to sacrifice, and to suffer, if need be, for its sake, is worthy of the name.

There is dignity in labor. It does not lower the mental powers and individual dignity; but, if pursued with a proper appreciation of its incalculable assistance to human happiness and made subservient to the great plan of human life, is ennobling and itself exalted.

Appreciation cannot be deemed an indifferent thing, to be given or withheld at pleasure; it is a sacred duty which we owe to all with whom we mingle, and one which we cannot neglect without doing them a positive injustice.

There are geniuses in trade as well as in war, or the state, or letters; and the reason why this or that man is fortunate cannot be explained. It lies in the man—that is all anybody can tell you about it.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.

We must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in others, whether friends or acquaintances.

Correspondence.

Shuttleworth.—The Peep o' Day Boys were doing the work of the Land Leaguers in 1789.

S. S.—The word "gin" is the technical abbreviation for engine. Thus cotton gin is merely the abbreviation of cotton engine.

E. E. G.—Father Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the Southern State, was a Virginian by birth. He was born in 1840, and was educated for the priesthood in Maryland. During the civil war he officiated as chaplain in the Confederate service. He wrote a great many verses on subjects pertaining to the war, which were remarkable for spirit and imagery. Perhaps no poems were more widely read at the South during the war than his. After the war he preached at the cathedral in Mobile, and subsequently at Biloxi. He died at Louisville, on April 22, 1886. He was buried at Mobile.

A. H. H.—Our answer is that, in the case you suppose there is no more cruelty on your part than there is on the part of your brother. But it is stated that the fashion of ladies wearing birds on their bonnets causes vastly more of them to be killed than are ever shot for food; that, in fact, the destruction of birds for ornamental purposes is so great that it threatens the total extinction of all birds of brilliant plumage. It is on this ground that some people think that the habit of wearing birds on bonnets should be discontinued; and we feel pretty well assured that a young lady of your intellectual keenness will have no difficulty in understanding the rights of this question.

T. O. R.—1. The lines,

"Oh, woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you,"

were written by Thomas Otway, an English dramatist. They occur in Act I., Scene 1., of his drama entitled Venice Preserved. 2. Sir Walter Scott was the author of the couplet—

"Woman's faith and woman's trust,
Write the characters in dust."

It may be found in the 20th chapter of his novel, The Betrothed.

N. P. R.—A young lady may, if she wishes to attend a party, ball, or concert, or other place where an escort is required, and is provided with no suitable one, write to her affianced husband, or, if she is not yet engaged, to some friend of the other sex with whom she is on sufficiently intimate terms to venture to take such a liberty, and request him to accompany her. If any expense is to be incurred in thus attending her, she should purchase the admission cards and inclose them in her note to him. The latter should be written in an easy, cordial manner, requesting him to do her the favor of escorting her to the place of amusement on a stated date, provided he has not already a prior engagement. Of course, in the case of an affianced couple the language used should be as ceremonious as in other cases.

N. R. R.—The foundation of the Russian Empire was laid at Novgorod, about 862 A. D., by the Rus, or Varangians, a body of Scandinavians led by Rurick, whose descendants, in spite of continual civil wars and Tartar invasions, occupied the throne for seven hundred years. In the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Russia was tributary to the Mongols, who ruled the nation in a most despotic manner. Ivan III., surnamed the Great, who reigned from 1462 to 1505, and Ivan IV., the Terrible (1538 to 1584) consolidated, extended and greatly strengthened the country. Peter the Great (1672 to 1725) was the most distinguished, and in many respects the ablest ruler Russia ever had. Alexander III., the late Czar, was the second son of Alexander II., and was born March 10, 1845. His mother was the Princess Maria, daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. In 1866, in consequence of the death of his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, he married the daughter of the King of Denmark, the Princess Maria Dagmar, to whom the deceased prince had been betrothed. His son Nicholas is now Czar. His total income is said to be upwards of $2,000,000 a year.

L. L. C.—Lead pencils are made from graphite or black lead. The cases are made of soft, close-grained cedar. According to accounts given, it is sawn up at saw mills into little thin boards of the length and half the thickness of a pencil, each piece being wide enough for making six pencils. Each one of these is run through a machine which smooths one side of it, and cuts six grooves or places for the lead at the same time. The putting in of the lead is generally done by girls. One girl takes up one of the little boards, lays lead in the six grooves, and passes it to a second one who puts over it a second board, which has been smeared with hot glue by a third girl. The boards are then screwed up tight in an iron frame and left to dry. When dry the ends are ground smooth on a wheel covered with sand-paper, and the boards are then put one by one into a machine which cuts away all the waste wood and shapes the six pencils on one side. The boards then go through another like machine which shapes them on the other side, and they fall into a basket; thus making six pencils all ready for stamping and varnishing. They are then stamped with the maker's name and the letters or figures which mark the hardness or softness, and packed for sale. The clay makes the difference between soft and hard pencils. In hard pencils the lead is made of half clay and half graphite; but in medium ones there are about seven parts of clay to ten of graphite.

ONLY FOR THIS.

BY L. J.

Was it for this, dear heart, we met—
You and I, in that May-time sweet—
Met and lingered with careless feet
Till love-lit eyes with tears grew wet,
Only to dream of a vanished bliss—
Only for this?

Was it for this the days were bright,
Flow'rs so gay and the skies so blue?
Was it for this the love we knew
Touched all the world with golden light,
Only to grieve for the love we miss—
Only for this?

Was it for this we parted, dear,
You and I, in such sore distress,
Whisp'ring our vows with fond caress,
Dreaming of love 'mid every tear,
Only to sigh for that farewell kiss—
Only for this?

Only to watch with bitter woe
Year after year the May flow'rs bloom?
Only to miss through sun and gloom
One face—one voice of long ago?
Only to dream of a vanished bliss—
Only for this?

Barbara Dusent.

BY S. P.

"I SAY, Phillip, do you think Mrs. Ferrard would have any objection to my painting Miss Dusent?"

"No, I shouldn't imagine so," his friend returned. "I suppose you want to depict Barbara as a moorland beauty or something of that kind," laughingly. "I thought last night that the name Alice had bestowed upon her appeared rather to impress you."

"Yes, a child of the moors," Gerard Selwyn repeated musingly. "It is certainly the character I should choose to represent her."

"You've never heard her sing, have you? She is too shy to perform before people. Besides, she has a craze for studying, and generally devotes the evening hours to her books. A little more training and her voice will be glorious. Get her to talk to you about her beloved moors, Selwyn, the subject has positively a transforming effect upon her. Here she comes," he added.

The two young men stood still to watch a little party advancing slowly up the winding walk of the well-kept garden. The distinguishing figure of the group was a tall, slim girl, who held herself with a certain inborn interesting grace. Two small boys were clinging to her hands, whilst behind walked an elderly lady with two little girls.

"Your sister is not with them," Gerard Selwyn observed.

"No, indeed!" Philip Ferrand returned. "Alice makes the most of her newly acquired liberty, and eschews almost entirely the society of her small brothers and sisters. The children adore Barbara."

The intense gravity of the girl's face was broken by a faint smile as she approached the young men.

Her cousin laid a detaining hand upon her, while the governess and her charges passed into the house.

"Never mind the small fry, Barbara, come along. Mr. Selwyn has promised to exhibit his sketches this afternoon. I know you will enjoy looking at them," Philip said. His pride in his friend's work was great.

"Mother and Alice haven't got back from Hardcastle's yet," he added as they went indoors.

Barbara Dusent regarded Mr. Selwyn with a certain amount of awe; she would gladly have foregone the proposed treat in order to avoid his society. But Philip was persistent, and in spite of her whispered refusal, led her past the schoolroom door to the room beyond, which had been temporarily fitted up as a studio for Mr. Selwyn. Barbara paused a moment before the newly begun portrait of Mrs. Ferrard, which stood upon an easel.

"You mustn't pronounce upon that until it has had a few days' work, Miss Dusent," Mr. Selwyn remarked, with a smile as he stood beside her.

"What a noise those children make," Philip said. Noticing that the door of communication between the rooms was open, he hastily closed it, adding a warning to them to stay in their own quarters.

"Now then, Selwyn," he cried. "Look here, Barbara."

A low exclamation of delight broke from the girl's lips, when Gerard Selwyn placed in her hands a dainty portrayal of a moorland sunset.

"How very beautiful," she murmured. "It is almost like a bit of Harborough, only," lifting her frank eyes to the artist's face, "this is more perfect than Harborough, that is, wilder and more rugged."

Selwyn bit his lips. The sketch had been painted during the spring, when he had spent a fortnight within sight of the moors upon which Barbara Dusent lavished the devotion of an enthusiast. Barbara had unconsciously laid bare the weakness of his work.

Philip, busily turning over the contents of a portfolio, did not notice his friend's discomfiture. The sketch was hastily put away before the name scrawled on the back had caught Barbara's eye. Selwyn did not bring forth any other delineation of Harborough.

He contented himself with showing his youthful critic the beauties of a picturesque village, with whose charms he was totally unacquainted. As he was replacing the last of these, the door opened and a tall fair-haired girl entered. Selwyn dropped the portfolio and advanced to meet her. "We have been endeavoring to while away one dreary half-hour of your absence by turning over my sketches," he informed her, in low tones.

"How could you absent yourself for three whole hours, Miss Ferrard?" he asked reproachfully.

"Is it so long?" Alice Ferrard returned, with eyebrows prettily lifted.

"Oh, Mr. Selwyn," the next moment, "don't allow mamma to make any alteration in the dress she is wearing for her portrait. Mrs. Hardcastle has almost talked her into doing so."

"Certainly I will not," he replied promptly. "Besides; the idea was yours, therefore," with emphasis, "nothing would induce me to accept any change.

"If my daughter has won you over to her side, I'm afraid I shall be powerless to move you, Mr. Selwyn," a laughing voice broke in.

Gerard Selwyn turned quickly. Mrs. Ferrard stood at his elbow.

"You are quite right," he returned, gaily. "Besides," in graver tones, "nothing could possibly suit you better than this, Mrs. Ferrard," pointing to the gown faintly indicated upon the canvas.

With a satisfied glance at her pictured charms, Mrs. Ferrard moved towards the table where her son and her niece were still absorbed in the contemplation of Mr. Selwyn's sketches.

"How long will it take you to paint mamma's portrait?" Alice asked.

"I don't quite know. I hope you are not in a hurry to get rid of me, Miss Ferrard," Mr. Selwyn laughingly retorted, "for I have not the smallest intention of scamping my work. I have only been at Wayflete two days," he added, in tones that were tenderly reproachful.

"Time goes very slowly sometimes," she returned in a bantering tone.

"It does," he cried promptly, "I can testify to the truth of that from my own experience this afternoon."

Before Alice had time to frame a suitable reply the dressing-bell rang, and she slipped away, a ripple of amusement on her lips.

"I hope the noise of the little ones does not disturb you, Mr. Selwyn?" Mrs. Ferrard observed next morning, when the artist was working at her portrait.

"Not in the least," he replied. "I like to hear them. They appear extremely fond of their cousin, Miss Dusent," he added, glad to have an opportunity of introducing the name of the girl who was exercising his thoughts.

"Of Barbara? oh yes. She is quite devoted to them. Some girls of her age would not be sensible enough to see the wisdom of the seclusion which my niece appears to enjoy.

"Poor child, she had a dreary existence until she came to us a year ago. Mr. Trevor, her guardian, is comparatively a young man, with a passion for exploring strange quarters of the globe. Upon Barbara becoming his ward, he handed her over to the care of his sister, an elderly and eccentric spinster.

"Miss Trevor appeared to consider that she was peculiarly fitted to educate Barbara, and, in spite of her brother's feeble protests, she insisted upon undertaking the task. Consequently the poor girl had her head crammed with all sorts of odd theories, and was taught everything that was antiquated and out of date.

"Barbara feels her deficiencies keenly. Fortunately she is remarkably quick, and most anxious to make up for lost time. Miss Manvers reports her to be making rapid progress."

"I understand Mr. Trevor is in Africa at present. When he arrives in England, he wishes Barbara to return to Harborough. However, I hope to induce him to allow her to remain with us. I consider it cruel to keep a girl immured in such intense solitude."

"Harborough is an awfully weird spot," Selwyn remarked, as he bent a critical gaze upon his work. "Is it not? I don't know how Miss Trevor supports existence there."

"Barbara confesses to like those surroundings. But I'm inclined to think she is already transferring her attachment from Harborough to Wayflete."

"I think the name you have given your cousin is a singularly appropriate one, Miss Ferrard," Mr. Selwyn observed, turning to Alice who, seated by the window engaged upon some elaborate embroidery, had taken no part in the foregoing conversation.

"It was when she first came to us," Alice responded brightly. "But Barbara has already lost much of her quaintness—sometimes it was too delicious. Don't you think she would make a good subject for a picture, Mr. Selwyn?"

"No doubt," he returned, with assumed carelessness.

"Paint her and let it be the picture of the year," Alice suggested playfully.

"Perhaps she would object to sit for me," he answered in the same light vein.

"I don't think she would refuse if I were to ask her," Alice rejoined. "Barbara is very good-natured. What do you think of the project, mamma?"

"I am afraid Barbara will not be willing to sacrifice so large a portion of her time," Mrs. Ferrard replied cautiously.

"I shall not be exacting in that respect," Gerard Selwyn urged, "two or three sittings will quite suit my purpose."

"Barbara is going past the window now; I will fetch her, then we shall hear what the person principally concerned has to say in the matter," and Alice left the room with quick steps.

Barbara looked slightly bewildered when she appeared in the wake of her impetuous cousin a few minutes later. She glanced inquiringly from her aunt to Mr. Selwyn.

Mrs. Ferrard took upon herself to explain.

"Mr. Selwyn would like you to sit to him for a picture he is contemplating, that is all Barbara. Are you willing, dear? Of course it shall be just as you wish."

"Do, Barbara," Alice pleaded, "then when the picture is viewed by admiring crowds we can go and criticise it also."

"Miss Dusent, won't you consent to make your cousin's charming plan a possibility?" Mr. Selwyn asked, laying down his brush.

"Yes, if you wish it," Barbara agreed slowly. Too shy to refuse, she was yet completely in the dark as to why the artist could possibly desire to paint her, for Barbara Dusent was utterly unconscious of her own rare picturesque beauty.

"Alice, whatever were you thinking of to put such an idea into Gerard Selwyn's head?" Mrs. Ferrard asked when they were alone. "Now Barbara and he will be constantly thrown together, a catastrophe I was most anxious to avoid."

"Why, mamma," Alice returned amazedly, "don't you think intercourse with a man like Gerard Selwyn will be decidedly beneficial to Barbara? She is quite morbidly shy at times."

"Possibly," Mrs. Ferrard rejoined dryly. "But as you are not actually engaged to Gerard Selwyn, it would have been an act of wisdom had you endeavored to keep them apart until after that desirable consummation. He is just the man to find a girl like Barbara Dusent wonderfully attractive.

"My brother's wife was the most beautiful woman I ever came across, Alice; and Barbara will soon be her exact image. She has, too, a latent power of fascination which her mother did not possess.

"I think you have acted very foolishly. You forget that Barbara is quite an heiress, while you are almost portionless. Although Gerard Selwyn is possessed of abundant means, he has expensive habits, and not the least factor in his possible admiration for your cousin, will be the knowledge of the wealth of which she will shortly become mistress."

"It is too late to make any objection now," Alice rejoined coldly. "Besides, I thought you imagined that Mr. Trevor was in love with Barbara."

"Yes, of that fact I am quite certain. But still it is useless to take his prospects into consideration now. At the present moment he is leagues away. Given a fascinating man like Mr. Selwyn, and an impressionable girl of Barbara's stamp, the result of an intimacy between the pair is easy to foresee."

"I feel quite certain that such an idea will never enter Barbara's head. Mr. Selwyn regards her with the same amount of interest as Sophy and Ethel. I heard him telling Philip yesterday that Miss Dusent was a charming quaint child." And Alice left the room with an annoyed countenance.

Next morning, when Barbara was knitting her brows over a difficult page of translation, Alice claimed the fulfilment of the promise she had made to Mr. Selwyn.

Barbara followed somewhat unwillingly into the next room, where the artist was diligently painting Mrs. Ferrard's portrait.

"Oh, Barbara, are you coming to take my place?" her aunt observed. "I shall be glad to be released. You will find it a very troublesome business to maintain one attitude for any length of time. I get dreadfully weary. Now, Mr. Selwyn, you must really allow me to depart, there has been somebody waiting to speak to me for the last fifteen minutes."

"Just one moment," he said eagerly.

"Don't keep Barbara too long," Mrs. Ferrard enjoined as she at last hurried away.

"I am afraid you are prepared to regard me as something of an ogre, Miss Dusent," the artist observed pleasantly, noticing Barbara's anxious glance as he approached her and placed a chair. "There is really nothing to be afraid of," he added with a reassuring smile. He made no attempt to pose her, a hasty sketch of her head being all he desired that morning.

Alice chatted ceaselessly during the half hour he spent over it. More than once she glanced from the artist to his sitter. In Barbara's face she read nothing, save a nervousness which made her whole attitude and manner constrained.

But Alice could not help thinking that Gerard Selwyn's countenance expressed deeper feeling than the ordinary interest and absorption his work usually brought him.

Two days later when Barbara entered the studio, she uttered an exclamation of delight at the sight of a large basket of heather which Mr. Selwyn appeared to be arranging.

"You will not object to wearing some of this, I hope," he said, turning to her. "Miss Ferrard will be here in a moment, she has just been called away. As I have had strict orders not to keep you above half an hour, I think we had better set to work at once."

Silently he posed he, arranging in the dusky coils of her hair, and on her dress, masses of purple heather.

"Please tell me at once when you feel tired," he said, as he at last withdrew to his easel.

The days fled rapidly by. The one or two sittings Mr. Selwyn had at first asked for lengthened out into an indefinite number. The painter was burning with enthusiasm over his work.

And as by this time, his engagement to Alice Ferrard had grown to be almost an accomplished fact, Mrs. Ferrard had placed no embargo upon the sittings. But Barbara knew nothing of this, for Gerard Selwyn wished the engagement to remain for a time a secret; consequently the unconscious girl held daily intercourse with the man, whose commonplace nature was gaining power to quicken her whole being into life.

Slowly, but surely, Gerard Selwyn was arousing Barbara Dusent's slumbering soul. And with skilful, beautiful touches, he was transferring its dawn, stirring in her face, to his canvas.

The two were seldom alone together, but Selwyn made the most of those moments, for no man was better versed than he in the art of kindling in a maiden's mind that passion called love.

He had completely fathomed his sitter's nature, and understood how to make her responsive to his slightest word, his lightest look. Selwyn was not in love with Barbara Dusent; but when the benefit and success of his calling was in question, he was absolutely unscrupulous in the methods he employed to gain a desired excellence.

In this picture Gerard Selwyn knew that he had reached a height of perfection to which his work had never before attained.

One cold October morning, when Alice had left the studio, the daily sitting being over, Selwyn called Barbara to the easel. "The picture is finished now, Miss Barbara," he said gently.

During the whole of its progress, the sitter, owing to a wish expressed by the artist, had never witnessed the march of his work.

Quietly she advanced. Then, in silent amazement, beheld what appeared to her, a glorified image of herself. Could this heather-crowned maiden, with the sweet, tender smile and radiant love-lit eyes be herself? For a brief space of time painter

and model stood silently side by side before the easel.

"Do I look like that?" Barbara asked at last.

"Yes," he replied fervently, and for a long moment their eyes met. "In my sight, and in the eyes of all who love you."

Completely carried out of himself Selwyn added some wild words which he would afterwards have given much to recall. But at that critical crisis, little Sophy Ferrard came flying into the room with a message, and Barbara hastened away. The knowledge that Gerard Selwyn loved her, was in its intensity almost pain.

Mrs. Ferrard was giving a dinner-party that night. Barbara spent the afternoon in her own room. After Gerard Selwyn's revelation of the morning, she was perhaps not unnaturally anxious to avoid a meeting with him, and saw with almost a feeling of satisfaction that he was wandering through the grounds with Alice.

Usually Barbara grieved her relations by arraying herself in a very indifferent manner when any festivity was impending; but she had determined to make an exception in favor of to-night.

Suddenly recollecting that she had forgotten to provide herself with some flowers, the girl ran lightly down the stairs to repair the omission. The was leaving the conservatory when Alice's voice fell upon her ears.

The spirit of mischief entered into Barbara, and she hastily took refuge behind a big palm, intending to spring mirthfully upon her cousin. But the design was never carried out. Alice was speaking in her customary clear tones; her listener was Mr. Selwyn. Barbara grew white when the import of that conversation broke upon her.

"I think it is the best of anything you have painted," Alice said. "Mamma's not to be compared with it. Don't mistake my meaning, though—youth and beauty depicted in such a manner, present a startling contrast to middle age, however well preserved.

"The expression of Barbara's face is really wonderful. I have never seen her look like that. How did you manage to get it? It seems to me that you have achieved an ideal representation of her."

"At first," he said slowly, "I found her an extremely difficult subject. Afterwards," in a tone of satisfaction, "I discovered that it was only necessary to play upon Miss Dusent's emotion to get the expression I desired. It is pleasant to conquer the almost impossible.

"Moreover, I am convinced that the picture will receive favorable notice in the highest quarters. And now, darling, with regard to our wedding. I want you to consent to my fixing an early date. Darleigh is sadly in need of a mistress, and——"

Barbara forcibly pressed her hands to her lips to repress a cry. The next moment their voices grew fainter; and unseen and unheard, Barbara glided from the conservatory.

Then, like a hunted animal, she fled in search of the picture. A small light was burning in the studio. The canvas framed in some rich drapery reposed upon an easel.

Palette and brushes were lying upon a table near by. Barbara caught up these tools of the painter's craft, a mad frenzy urging her to obliterate that radiant semblance of herself which Gerard Selwyn had reproduced by the aid of a lie.

For a few moments conflicting emotions struggled for expression in the anguished young face. At last the bloodless conflict was over, and Barbara left the studio, the smiling, beautiful eyes in the pictured countenance seeming to follow her with a saddened gaze.

Reaching her own room, Barbara found her maid impatient to dress her. For the first time in her life, the girl placed herself passively in those skilful hands. She smiled bitterly when the woman drew her in front of the mirror at the conclusion of her labors.

Suppressed indignation and outraged feelings had lent a light to her eyes, a glow to her countenance, which absolutely transformed the shy, retiring maiden of a few hours before. For a brief space of time her fortitude almost deserted her.

By sheer force of will she felt capable of getting through that evening. But what of the days that were to follow? It is often when we feel ourselves well-nigh beaten that unexpected succor is at hand.

A knock came to the door, a telegram was handed in. Barbara tore it hastily open, and it proved to be from her guardian, and ran as follows: "Reached London to-day. Coming down to Wayflete to fetch you to morrow. Come 12 50; return 3.36."

It was an unlooked for but most welcome release.

When Barbara entered the drawing-room a few minutes later, her countenance bore no indication of the torture slowly smouldering within. She was taken in to dinner by a friend of Mr. Philip's.

At first she did not notice that Alice and Mr. Selwyn were seated opposite. The painter started when he caught sight of Barbara. She met his glance with perfect indifference, a conventional smile playing for an instant round her lips.

Then she turned a face of bright interest upon Jack Wilton, who was recounting some amusing experiences which had lately been his.

More than once, as he sat there, Gerard Selwyn forgot the presence of his betrothed. There were moments when he could scarcely withdraw his eyes from Barbara Dusent's sparkling riante countenance. What wonderful transformation scene had she passed through?

All at once he realized that his picture, fine as he knew it to be, presented but a faded resemblance of her regal young beauty.

Later on, when the men returned to the drawing-room, Philip appropriated the vacant chair beside his cousin, frustrating Selwyn's half formed intention of taking possession of it.

Presently Alice seated herself at the piano, and proceeded to trill one of the sentimental songs of the day.

"I want you to sing something, now, Barbara," her aunt observed at its conclusion.

Contrary to Mrs. Ferrard's expectation, Barbara did not make the slightest hesitation: she rose slowly to her feet. Mrs. Ferrard glanced at her in suddenly kindled admiration, as did several of her guests, as the girl moved in her stately fashion down the long room.

"Is there any song you particularly wish for, Aunt Ella?" Barbara asked.

"Yes, 'Robin Adair;' it is an especial favorite of mine." And Mrs. Ferrard plunged into conversation with a lady near her, on the supremacy of old ballads.

Gerard Selwyn had never heard Barbara sing, consequently he anticipated the performance with no slight amount of curiosity.

The girl's lips set in an inexplicable fashion as she proceeded to play the opening bars of the old song. A sudden silence fell upon the room when the first rich, liquid notes floated out. There was something weirdly arresting in those wistful strains.

"What when the play was o'er,' she sang with exquisite intonation and indescribable pathos. "Yes," she thought bitterly, "the play was o'er."

Gerard Selwyn noticed that there was not a sign of emotion on the singer's face at the conclusion of the song. Rather, it was coldly, proudly set, the mouth showing absolute firmness.

Barbara Dusent scored a success that night.

At last, when the guests were gathered in the studio, discussing Gerard Selwyn's pictures, the artist managed to get speech with Barbara.

"Miss Dusent," he said slowly, "do you know that to-night, for the first time, I am dissatisfied with the picture I painted of you."

"Indeed?" she returned calmly, turning her flushed, lovely face towards him. "It appears to give immense satisfaction to those who are viewing it. But, Mr. Selwyn, with a clear little laugh, "please do not go into any artistic reasons respecting your discontent; that sort of thing is just a little incomprehensible to an outsider like myself, you know."

"I am afraid I have bored you frequently of late," he remarked, puzzled by her tone. "Still, you have borne most patiently with me.

"I am glad my manner has been so successful, she observed, a light in her eyes which he did not understand.

Selwyn gazed mutely at her, fascinated with her overwhelming beauty, which seemed to have been touched with the seal of perfection in one night. But Barbara appeared unconscious of his glance. A mocking smile played round her lips as she watched the eager little throng gathered round "A Child of the Moors!"

Selwyn was keenly conscious that every other woman in the room looked insignificant beside this slight queenly girl in her softly falling silk draperies. He glanced from her to his betrothed. Had he made a mistake after all? he asked himself, a strange throbbing at his heart. Was his mock wooing a sentimental thing in spite of himself?

At last she turned to him.

"What does it represent?" she asked enigmatically. "So many feet of canvas, so many mixed pigments—while in conjunction with the promptness of your eye, your heart, and your brain, you have been driven to resort to the methods of an actor. Truly a strange and wonderful combination. Until I knew you, Mr. Selwyn, I never imagined that art claimed so much from her exponents."

"I hope you will have an opportunity of witnessing the success of the labors which you have so admirably summed up," he said in stiff annoyance.

"I am afraid that pleasure will be denied me, so it is well I have profited by my lessons," she returned, a faint note of amusement in her voice. "I am leaving Wayflete to morrow."

"But you are coming back again," quickly.

"Oh, no!" with a decisive little gesture. "Aunt Ella wishes me to do so, I know. But you see Harborough is my home. By the way, as you are spending the morning at Bexwood, I think I had better say good-bye to you now; probably it will be my last opportunity. I really ought not to stay any longer, as I have still to give orders about my packing."

She put out her hand and allowed her fingers to rest for an instant lightly in his; her eyes shone with a baffling unfathomable light, his with an expression of startled awakening.

The next moment she had passed from his sight. Gerard Selwyn realized too late the value of that which he had lightly won and lightly flung away.

A year later, before the artistic world had ceased to ring with the praises of Gerard Selwyn's famous masterpiec, its inspirer was listening to the tale of another wooing on the heights of Harborough. And hearing it, Barbara Dusent let the lingering remembrance of Gerard Selwyn's treachery fall away from her forever.

Monsieur Duval.

BY A. S. L.

In a little white-painted Sussex house that had once been a turnpike with every kind of sweet smelling flower, lived old Monsieur Duval, a specimen of the most refined type of Frenchman.

Tall, thin, upright, with sharp features and snow-white moustache, he was one of Nature's gentleman from the crown of his head to the well-blacked toes of his old and carefully cherished boots; and a gentleman above all in the treatment of his wife, for whose sake he had given up the warmth, brightness, and gaiety of his own country.

Monsieur Duval had served for many years in the French army, and it was while quartered in Paris that he had made the acquaintance of Susie Graham, an English woman, who had come out as nurse to the children of his commanding officer.

"To see Susie in those days was to love her"—or so Monsieur Duval always gallantly stated; and apparently the attractive Susie enslaved the corporal without any effort on her own part, and they were fiances, determined to be married as soon as Monsieur Duval had served his time and could retire with a pension.

"Achille" had always been the most faithful of men, and he never dreamed of throwing over his Susie when, during their long engagement, she developed a wearing temper, and constantly harassed her corporal with harsh speeches, until his face acquired the look of patient endurance that never afterwards left it; nor did he dream of contradicting her when she told him that she had made up her mind to retire to her native village with him, as soon as the marriage had taken place.

Monsieur Duval had not the very remotest leaning to a life in the island of fogs, and secretly despised the English as "doge"; but to the hamlet of Crowley he was conducted, and—almost before he had time to realize what evil fate had befallen him—he had bid good-bye to the happy familiar life, to his old friends, his innocent glass of wine at the cabaret, his strolls on the Boulevards, and had settled down to the colorless, uneventful existence of the turnpike-house, with its row of straight elm trees bordering the road in front, and the wide stretch of bare downs rolling away behind, till they lost themselves in purple mist and the distant glimpses of the sea-line.

No words can describe the strange sense of desolation that at first overwhelmed Monsieur Duval in his new existence. His feelings resembled those of a shipwrecked sailor cast upon a desert island amongst a race of savages, and his garden was the only thing that seemed to speak to him of home.

Here, in the early days of his banishment, he would dig vigorously; and who shall blame him if hot tears sometimes dropped on to the rows of humble cabbages, and were hastily brushed away, for fear Susie would see them and imagine he was not happy?

Perhaps of all the old Frenchman's trials his wife was the greatest. Her painful cleanliness, her temper, her grasping stinginess, all hurt him bitterly. Sometimes he would pinch his arm and cry to himself—"Is it thou, Achille? or is it some horrible dream? Wilt thou wake up in Paris?"

But instead of this he awoke in the bare whitewashed kitchen, with its sparse muslin curtains, its grandfather's clock, its prim chairs, and large "Family Bible" on a bead-matted table in the window.

By degrees he settled down to get the best out of his life that was still possible to it, and never by word or deed did he allow his wife to see that he regretted the step he had taken in leaving his native country.

Always sweet tempered and courteous, treating all women with deference, he became a great favorite in the village; and even the children soon left off smiling at his strange English, which continued to be a patois of his own invention, entirely destitute of the letters t and h.

In course of time the old Frenchman developed a great taste for carving, and amused himself for hours in cutting the quaintest little figures out of wood; these he afterwards painted appropriate colors, and set up on poles in his garden as "decorations."

Strange goblin men, rabbits, spotted dogs, huntsmen, bird-scares in the form of windmills that careered round at a breath of wind; all these things rejoiced the eyes of the passing schoolboys, and drew from the villagers the admiring comment that "Old Frenchy was a wonderfully handy man."

On sunny days "Old Frenchy" sat on a wooden bench before his immaculate front door-step, and whittled away at his blocks of wood; for he soon found that it was pleasanter to be out of doors than in, especially on "cleaning days," when buckets of water stood about as man-traps for the unwary, and everything was put in strange, unexpected places, and smelt for days afterwards of the strongest yellow soap.

Another of Monsieur Duval's accomplishments was "French-polishing," and it was a great delight to him when he could get work of this description in the larger houses in the neighborhood.

He would then start out cheerfully in the early morning, carrying his materials in a small basket on his arm, and return in the evening, elated and happy, glowing with pride in his work, and feeling that he had thoroughly earned a cigarette, to be smoked by the light of a dip-candle in the Ultima thule of the wash-house.

One comfort was still left to the good Frenchman, and that was his religion. On this one point he dared openly to disagree with his wife, and in spite of her constant upbraidings and dark illusions to the "scarlet woman," he walked over every Sunday to to the Roman Catholic chapel in the town close by, and there, in simple, child-like faith, took part in the services, which seemed the one link that still bound him to the happiness of the past.

For a long time he was troubled by a serious difficulty—where could he place his crucifix and a small "holy picture" that had belonged to his mother?

Susie objected to them as "Popish," and after keeping them in a box for some months, Monsieur Duval decided to build a little house for them outside, in a corne of his beloved garden.

This house was a chef d'œuvre of cunning workmanship, and when finished was painted a light green, with blue knobs at each corner.

It stood upon one leg, like a bee hive; but inside the little shrine was pathetic and touching with evidences of the loving care that had planned and decorated it.

Over a small white shelf hung the crucifix, with the picture behind it; rows of everlasting bowers were suspended from the walls, and in front stood a gaily colored china vase, filled all the year round with fresh ferns and bowers.

Few people knew that this odd, green-painted box was sacred in the eyes of Monsieur Duval, for none of the villagers had ever had the creaking door unlocked for them, and not even Susie had dared to try and open it. It was the one subject on which her husband could be stern and unyielding.

In the early morning, when the shadows were still grey, and before the sun had sent his first red beams over the shoulder of the distant hill, Monsieur Duval would creep out to his garden, and unfastening the door of the Sainte Chapelle, would kneel on the dewy ground and pray fervently.

Susie, looking from between the starched window curtains, had often seen her husband thus; and once or twice a vague wonder had come over her, and a feeling that perhaps, after all, there was something better than the stirring energy and scrupulous cleanliness on which she prided herself so sincerely.

Time passed on, and Monsieur Duval's French-polishing trade enlarged itself and increased to furniture-mending. It became absolutely necessary that he should have some kind of vehicle in which to carry the chairs and tables to their destinations; and at last, to his great joy, he managed to save up sufficient money to buy himself a second-hand perambulator.

The old Frenchman's strange "pack-horse" now became a well-known feature of the country roads; and wonderful were the loads it managed to struggle under. It was, indeed, the delight of Monsieur Duval's heart, and was painted, varnished, and repaired in a spirit of loving carefulness.

It carried vegetables from the garden to the market, stores from the town, occasionally picked up an exhausted infant trudging home from school, and once, wreathed with flowers, conveyed a wedding present to a village bride.

Many were the pets that "Atchel"—Susie always pronounced her husband's name as if it rhymed to "Satchel—had attempted to rear in cages in the seclusion of the garden hedge, but Susie's cold gray eye was keen for the discovered of "rubbish;" and the guinea pigs, rabbits, and white mice were promptly cast forth from their hiding-place, perhaps upon a kinder world, where cleanliness was not one of the first commandments.

In spite of this, Monsieur Duval still cherished the idea that one day he should discover a pet that even his wife would not object to—a kind of rara avis that would succeed in melting her stony heart with its attractions.

For a long time he seemed never to approach to even the border-land of these "fond fancies;" but one day, by a strange stroke of luck—as he considered it at the time—his wishes were most remarkably fulfilled.

The carrier from Weseldun, who passed by the turnpike-house on his daily rounds, and carried a strange assortment of every imaginable commodity, jogged up on that day as usual, his lean, gray horse's head buried in a comfortable nose-bag.

Just as he neared the old Frenchman's gate, a young swan that was being taken in a basket to the squire's pond, reared up its neck with a loud hissing, and violently breaking the string ties of the hamper, flew or scrambled out on to the road, and was trodden upon inadvertently by the grey horse in his abstraction.

Then began an exciting scene; the swan screaming and struggling, Monsieur Duval and the carrier pursuing it about the road, the grey horse looking on meditatively, as if wondering why they were all making such a fuss about nothing.

Finally the swan was captured, and being too wounded and exhausted to be taken on, was left with Monsieur Duval, the carrier promising to call in and tell him what was to be done with it next time he passed by.

"To "Achille's" astonishment, Susie almost smiled upon the swan. She said it was a nice plump creature, and made no objection when, the next day, he devised a cage for it out of a packing case.

The carrier called in the afternoon to say that the squire would rather not have the wounded bird—Monsieur Duval could do what he liked with it.

When he heard this, the old Frenchman felt he had actually found his pet at last, and that it was going to be a comfort to him.

The bird soon got well under his skilful treatment, and every day it was conducted, with a string round its leg, to bathe and swim in the village pond, where it created great excitement amongst the children, and was immediately christened by the popular name of the "Frenchy's goose."

When it returned home it was tethered to a stake on the little piece of green just outside the turnpike-house; and though Susie often grumbled at the food it ate (Monsieur Duval would have willingly stinted himself that the swan should have sufficient), she never actually made out a "cause of complaint" against it, and her husband became more and more attached to it every day.

As the winter came on, for the swan's advent had been in the summer-time, Susie began to throw out dark hints that "birds were excellent just about Christmas time;" but Achille never realized her meaning, until, one day coming in from an errand to the village, he found his wife attempting to hold the struggling swan in a neighbor's weighing-machine. He rushed towards her, his mild blue eyes flashing with anger.

"What are you doing with my swan? See, the pauvre is screaming with terror! Take it out! Come here, poor beauty! Come to me! I will protect you!"

"Do you think I let the wretched thing stay here for any reason except to eat it?" cried Susie angrily.

"I am not going to waste any more food on it, I can tell you. I shall roast it on Christmas day, so you can prepare your mind for it." And she flounced out of the kitchen.

Monsieur Duval sat down on the settle, with the swan between his knees. He was too stunned to reply to his wife's passionate violence.

This, then, was the reason she had been so obliging all those months, and had let him enjoy the poor satisfaction of tending his pet, only that she might turn upon him and snatch it away in the end.

At that moment any lingering love he might still have felt for his wife died silently and surely, killed by her own hand.

It was a bitter moment for the poor old Frenchman. He got up after a time, and tying up the swan in its house, he went out, closing the door softly behind him.

All the country looked very much the same as it had done when he came along that road a few minutes before, but there was a difference—a weight, grey and heavy, had fallen over it.

Something seemed to have snapped in the old Frenchman's heart that nothing could ever piece together again. The last remnant of belief in the love of his youth had gone from him forever in that one moment of bitter awakening.

There was only one distinct idea in his mind as he walked rapidly towards the squire's house, and that was that he would save the swan. It should never be sacrificed to Susie, as he had been.

At the park gates he met the "young ladies," and in a few words he begged them to give a home to his poor favorite. The squire's daughters were only too pleased to take the swan, which they had often admired as they passed by the turnpike-house. The pressed Monsieur Duval to let them buy it, but with tears in his eyes he begged them not to offer him money.

"It would be like taking money for my own child. . . . . Perhaps you will let me come and see him sometimes. . . . He will be happier with a pond of his own," the old man said, and turned away hastily, forgetting for the moment even the courtly bow, without which he would have been ashamed on ordinary occasions to leave a lady's presence.

As he went home his heart was filled with bitterness; he could not describe his feelings. It seems as if the last thing he had loved and clung to had been snatched from him, and he was left desolate in a cold and desolate world.

He entered the garden and unlocked the little shrine. That was his, whatever happened. Susie could not take that away from him.

"No, she can't take that away," he murmured, and he went off more happily to fetch the perambulator in which the swan was to be conveyed to the Hall.

It was a difficult matter to tie the poor bird in securely, but at last it was accomplished; and Monsieur Duval set off, soothing the swan and caressing it as he went along.

In the village he had to pause once or twice to answers question from sympathizing neighbors, though not even then would he allow anything to be said against his wife.

As he stopped to speak to the vicar's daughter, with his handsome white head bare, and his finely-cut features lighted up by the bright sunbright, a cart dashed along the road, and the horse—terrified by a sudden movement and hissing of the swan—plunged violently, shied towards the perambulator, and before any one could help or interfere, the old Frenchman, in his efforts to save the swan, had been knocked down, and the wheels of the cart passed over his body.

When they lifted him up, he was very white and still, but there was no look of suffering on his placid face. They laid him gently down in the parlor of the cottage close by; and while people crowded round the house weeping and sympathizing, the vicar's daughter held his white head on her knees, and with tears running down her face bent over to hear his last faintly-whispered words—"The swan?"

"It is not hurt, it escaped miraculously."

"Tell Susie gently!" And with one tired sigh Monsieur Duval passed away.

Writing the Sacred Scrolls.—The Jews are proverbially tenacious of their old customs, and though their prayer-books are printed in the ordinary way, every word in the sacred parchment scrolls, which are used in the synagogues, and contain respectively various parts of the Pentateuch, is written by hand.

Very great care is taken of the scrolls. If one were dropped in the synagogue during its transit between the reading-desk and the beautifully-draped ark, where it is stored, the whole congregation would have to fast for twenty-four hours; and the scrolls are by no means light.

When not in use they are placed in coverings of the finest plush, very handsomly embroidered with silk, and further embellished with colored silk tassels and fringe.

In front there is a jewelled gold or silver plate, on which is engraved the contents of the scroll. There is also attached a silver rod, used as a pointer, with a hand and outstretched finger at the extremity. And silver bells are fixed on two head pieces of silver of very fine workmanship.

It is a special honor to handle one of these scrolls, or to stand at the side of the cantor while he recites from it, and those selected for these privileges are expected to make substantial offerings to charity.

The writing in these scrolls is never completed by the professional writer. A certain number of words at the ends are omitted, each particular letter of which is filled in by a man whose name begins with a corresponding letter.

These men usually pay handsomely for this privilege, which is sometimes sold by auction. Enough is often realized for this to pay the whole cost of the scrolls.

It is merely the honor that people pay for, but it is believed by many that the writing of one's initials in this manner brings luck with it; and the fact that such prominent Jews as Lord Rothschild, Sir S. Montagu, M.P., Mr. B. L. Cohen, M.P., etc., have written their initials in these holy scrolls might tend to strengthen this belief, but for the fact that they were as lucky before as after the inscription.

The coverings, jeweled plates, etc., are often given by individual members of the congregation.

A Railway in the Tree Tops.—It may not be known outside the neighborhood where it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma County, Cal., we have an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books.

In the upper part of this county, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed in the tree tops.

Between the Clipper mills and Stuart's Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the centre of the ravine mentioned, two huge redwood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support, and they are cut off seventy-five feet above the ground, and cars loaded with heavy saw logs pass over them with as much security as if it were framed in the most scientific manner.

"All roads lead to Rome," except this one. The builders never contemplated a terminus at San Francisco, Petaluma, or Chicago, but merely to convey heavy timber from the woods to their mill. There are many places in our redwood forests where this example might be followed profitably, as it would be cheaper to grade through with a cross cut saw and lay the ties on the stumps than to remove the trees.

We can boast of a broad gauge, a narrow-gauge, and a road on the tree tops—yet we are not all happy.

At Home and Abroad.

A movement has been started in Kansas to have a tornado cave attached to every school house as a refuge for the children in times of those destructive visitations, which are there so frequent as to require special provisions of refuge and protection from them. Once in the cave, no matter how violent the storm, the children are safe. In some of the schools tornado drills have been instituted.

In Denmark, by one of the oldest laws on the statute book, a landlord is forbidden to accept a farmer as a yearly tenant, or even to grant him a farm on a lease for a fixed number of years. If he accepts him as a tenant at all, it must be for life. No matter how obnoxious a man may prove himself, the landlowner has no means of getting rid of him so long as he pays his rent; and even when he does not, the process of eviction is so costly and unpopular that a landlord hesitates before having recourse to it.

The writer was astonished, on visiting the houses of the inhabitants of Siam (says a traveler), to see a huge rat walking quietly round the room, and crawling up the master's legs in a cool, familiar manner. Instead of repulsing it, or giving an alarm, he took it up in his hand and caressed it; and then we learned for the first time, to our utter astonishment, that it was a custom in Bankok to keep pet rats. These are taken very young, and carefully reared till they attain a monstrous size from good and plentiful feeding.

The German Emperor certainly has the faculty of making himself popular with his youthful subjects. While on a recent visit to Dresden the Emperor was returning from his morning ride when a small boy, with a strapful of books swung over his shoulders, ran up to his Majesty and yelled at the top of his voice, "Aoh, Herr Kaiser, do let us have a holiday to-morrow!" "Ja, ja" (Yes, yes); came the laughing response, and the Emperor rode on his way. But he kept his word, for on the morrow when the boys of Dresden went to their several schools they were told that the Emperor had been pleased to grant them a holiday.

One of the anomalies of the English episcopacy is the ill-defined positions of wives of the archbishops and bishops, ladies who can, perhaps, hardly claim to be regarded as the better halves. They are entirely ignored, officially speaking, and they are debarred from any participation whatever in the rank or precedence of their husbands. Thus, while the Archbishops of Canterbury and York outrank every peer of the realm and are addressed as "your grace" in the same manner as dukes, whom they precede, their wives are compelled to yield precedence to the spouse of every new knight, and are addressed merely as "Mrs." The wives of the bishops, and in fact of every prelate of the Church of England, are in the same curious position.

No one will ever determine, to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, who invented the telephone; but the authorities at Washington decided that Alexander Graham Bell had a right to the patent, and, as a result of that decision, Mr. Bell has become a millionaire. The inventor, however, is indebted to other causes besides the Patent Office for his wealth. Had he not fortunately found a backer in his wife's father, Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who possessed considerable means, the telephone might have brought him little or no reward. Miss Hubbard, by the way, who became Mrs. Bell, was a deaf mute, and for her sake her husband has devoted a great deal of time and thought to the relief of her fellow sufferers. He devised a system of lip-reading by means of which he taught his wife to converse, and which has been widely adopted by others.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

THE HELPING DOLL.

BY S. T.

KITTY, do you think you could knit me a wee little bit of wool?"

Kitty shook her head. "No indeed, ma. I'm quite sure I couldn't. I'm just going out to play in the garden."

"Come and try it first, Kitty."

"It wouldn't be a bit of use, mother. I'm not a bit big enough yet."

"Let us see, Kitty. I am sure having a little daughter of six can never be a useless thing."

Kitty held out her hands very unwillingly. It was a ridiculous little bunch indeed, and at all one would look at it I very much was drawn at the bottom of the garden with her doll's mattress!

Kitty wanted to go, and give her own doll a ride in the wheel-barrow, and such a lot of things, and here was she to sit down to knit!

It got tangled, could her fingers, and sometimes dropped out and made a dreadful tangle, so that had to undo the whole thing and begin it again.

"What a long time it takes!" sighed Kitty.

"Hold it straight and be quiet a few minutes, then it will go on right."

It certainly was quite natural for mother's flying fingers, and there was a great heap of wool left. At last Kitty's hands ached. One foot began to tap the floor, and her mouth was pursed up. Mother dropped the ball, and stooped down to pick it up, and the same instant Kitty gave half a dozen wild flings over her head into a little heap below.

"Now, mother, look at that. I know I wasn't big enough."

Mother lifted the rest of Kitty's hands.

"So I see, Kitty, but neither is two sorry. You can run away into the garden now."

Kitty went, but she did not feel quite comfortable, she almost wished she had tried to keep the skein straight, but then it would have been certain to have gone on by that time, and she had never seen that mother cast properly off.

There was a little gate at the bottom of the garden. Kitty's eyes, but it was

Kitty scrambled up on to it. I know mother forbade it, as she ought to have done, she hated to see the walk, peeping through the

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SUMMER TIME.

BY L. A. NORTON.

With laughter and with song she came
This little maid of mine,
I loved to watch her cross the fields
In joyful summer time.

For naught cared she of how the sun
Fell on her pretty face,
And gently brushed the curls away
The wind blew out of place.

A few days more and by my side
This little maid of mine
Will journey through life—may it be
A joyful summer time.

OF OLD-TIME LETTERS.

It is the fashion to observe in a tone of gentle regret that letter-writing is one of the lost arts. In a measure this is true. This is an age of hurry, consequently we scribble; a letter is no longer a grave undertaking, but the affair of half an hour at the most. (Extra allowance for lovers')

Treatises on caligraph by professors of the art begin to multiply from the reign of Elizabeth downward. These ingenious penmen were extremely jealous of each other's performances, and sometimes challenged each other to single combat with the pen. Frequently in their publications did they drop into verse. Here is a poetic recipe for ink, given by John de Beau Chesne, in 1623:

"To make common inke of wine take a quart,
Two ounces of gumme let that be a part,
Five ounces of gals, of copres take three.
Long standing doth make it better to be.
If wine ye do want, rain water is best,
And then as much stuffe as above at the least,
If inke be too thicke, put vinegar in,
For water doth make the color more dimme."

Richard Gethringe dedicated his copybook, "Calligraphotechnia," to no less a person than Sir Francis Bacon, while Peter Bales presented Queen Elizabeth with a microscopic manuscript set in a gold ring, which is said to have highly delighted the maiden monarch. Within the compass of a silver penny this ingenious Peter had contrived to write the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Ten Commandments, a prayer to God, a prayer for the queen, his posy, name, the day of the month, and the year.

Another writing master, John Matlock, mentions five best hands in use for a man, and one, only one for a woman. Alas for the equality of the sexes!

But to be a successful practitioner in the art of writing was only half the battle, and well did the compilers of "Complete," "Polite" and "Accomplish'd" letter writers know this.

It was no easy matter to pile up a noble structure of complimentary phrases and fine moral sentiments, such as the spirit of the age demanded; to begin with elegance and end with dignity. News was a minor detail. Indeed, the introduction of chirpy, chatty bits, such as that Timothy's Dorcas was down with the ague, or that a pig was killed last Tuesday, would have destroyed the harmony of the whole composition. You could never fit them in properly, if you followed the lines laid down by your stately "Letter writer."

One of the earliest of these "Guides," dated 1615, was styled "A President for young Pennen." It was advertised as full of variety, delight, and pleasure. The former quality it undoubtedly possessed, as will be seen from the followings. There is "A letter from a friend to a fantastical, conceited madcap;" "A byting letter to a clamorous gentlewoman;" with a "byting" answer to the same, which must have relieved the feelings of the writer. Also a "Melancholy, discontentive letter upon the frowne of a kinsman," and, as a variation, "A kind of quarrelsome letter, upon a frowne of a friend."

"A letter to an unkle to borrow a horse," strikes one as being of more practical value than all the rest put together, and infinitely to be preferred as a model, to the epistle of "Miss Molly Smith to her cousin, giving her an account of a very remarkable instance of envy, in one of her acquaintance, who lived in the City of York." How a distracted scribe was to get help or comfort from Miss Molly Smith is more than we are prepared to say.

Some of the shorter "Models" must have been of great assistance to people desirous to do the correct thing. For instance, if you were a single lady with a carriage and you thought you might as well take another single lady—poor thing—for a drive. Accordingly you wrote: "Miss Willis sends her compliments to Miss Byron, and desires to know how she does; and if well enough to see company and it will be agreeable, will wait on her this afternoon in the coach, and give her an airing for an hour before tea."

Reply. "Miss Byron, without a compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miss Willis, whom she would be extremely glad to see, and accepts her kind salutary offer of an airing in the coach, at the time proposed."

The Letter writer of course did not leave lovers out in the cold; and some of its effusions in this line are extremely funny. Sometimes there would be a series of epistles showing how a courtship might, could, would, or should be conducted by a genteel couple. There would be: "A gentleman to a lady, professing an aversion to the tedious formality in courtship."

Next would come: "The lady's answer, encouraging a further declaration." Then, the gentleman's reply, "more openly declaring his passion," and "the lady's answer to his reply, putting the matter on a sudden issue," i. e., referring him to her solicitor.

This concluded the matter as far as the Letter writer was concerned; but it would give "a sad extasie for the absence of a mistress," or a "letter of kindnesse from a gentleman to his love beyond seas," or "a lady, by way of an extreme defiance to a late servant," all, no doubt, valuable under certain circumstances.

That those circumstances were unlikely to happen more than once in a lifetime, if at all, was naturally not the fault of the author of these remarkable epistles.

Let us put them back on their dusty top shelf, queer little ancient volumes, for their day is over. They belong to a vanished past; to an age of powder and patches, laced coats and clouded canes; when people were more ceremonious, but—we will at least hope it—less truly polite than they are now.

Grains of Gold.

Losers are always in the wrong.

Conceit takes the shorter road, wisdom the longer.

He who wishes to do wrong is never without a reason.

Opportunity improved is the key to safety and success.

The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.

The great art of life is to play for much and stake little.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

Of all thieves, fools are the worst: they rob you of time and temper.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.

When our children go astray the cause is outside of them; when the children of others go wrong, the cause is inside of them.

Femininities.

More women reach the age of fifty than men, but afterwards the stronger sex has the best of it.

Returns show that sixteen persons in a thousand who are confined in lunatic asylums have been made insane by love affairs.

A vigorous application of the flesh-brush just before going to bed tends to keep skin in a healthy condition and is also conducive to sleep.

Thirty years ago England had 11,616 male and 11,801 female school teachers. Last year there were 66,510 female and only 26,270 male teachers.

A thirteen year old girl at Holton, Kan., is said to have eleven fingers, twelve toes, and a head twenty-two and three fourth inches in circumference.

A religious society in Montana, composed of young women, offers at a small charge to do mending of all kinds brought to them by young men who have no one to do their sewing.

A Kansas City literary woman lectured at Leavenworth on Saturday. Among the subjects discussed were bicycling, souvenir spoons, foreign marriages, domesticity and hard times.

A Chattanooga girl who was married in a balloon the other day jumped out of the balloon into the river at the conclusion of the ceremony, and when she was fished out reproached the bridegroom for leaving her.

With regard to women surgeons, one fact is of interest. At the New Hospital for Women, in Euston Road, London, where all the doctors are women, there have been only two deaths out of ninety major operations.

There is a negro man working near Dublin, Ga., who says he is one of forty children by one mother. He says his mother was married four times, and gave birth to twenty-seven boys and thirteen girls in North Carolina, and is yet living.

On a recent Sunday, while Rev. J. W. Chadwick was preaching in the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, his voice suddenly failed. His wife at once proceeded to the pulpit and finished his sermon for him, after which she conducted the service to its close.

The experiment of making paper stockings and gloves has been going on for some time, and stockings to sell at three cents a pair are proposed. Solidity and durability are given the texture by a sizing bath of potato starch and tallow, and when finished its appearance is similar to fabric goods.

Man is the only animal that has a real nose or chin. Horses have faces that are all nose, swine have snouts, and elephants trunks; lions have smelling-organs; but none of them anything that can be separated from their faces, and called a nose. It is even more true of the chin, which is particularly human.

From London comes the tale of a miraculous cure of a woman of twenty-4 rec, who had been paralyzed since she was three years of age. She could neither sit upright nor turn in her bed without assistance, nor could she walk a step without support. After two baths at Lourdes she was able to walk as easily as any one, and astonished the people of Fougers by walking through the town on Ascension Day.

While blue eyes is pre-eminently and overwhelmingly the masculine favorite, it is by no means so general a feminine favorite. The favorite woman's color, standing at the head of the female list, is red. Roughly speaking, of every 30 masculine votes 10 would be for blue and 5 for red, while of every 30 feminine votes 1 would be for blue and 5 for red. Red and blue are thus much more nearly equally popular among women than among men.

Queen Henriette of Belgium, by birth an Austrian arch-duchess, continues, in spite of her snow white hair and rank as a grandmother, to occupy her time with circus riding. A year ago she gave in the riding school of the royal palace at Brussels a semipublic performance, in which she and her daughter Clementine put their horses through all kinds of fancy paces and trick riding with the skill of professionals. They leaped their horses through burning hoops and over flaming hedges, and her Majesty jumped a pet horse over a dinner table covered with flowers and lighted candelabra. Then she drove a team of 9-in hand herself, mounted on her favorite mare.

Singularly great presence of mind was displayed by the wife of an officer of a regiment stationed in India. Awaking in the middle of the night and feeling thirsty, she rose to get a glass of water. In putting her foot on the floor, she stepped on something cold, and in a moment she felt the slimy coil of a snake round her ankle. Instantaneously it flashed across her mind that, as it had not bitten her, she must have stepped upon its neck, and she pressed down her weight upon it as it writhed and made every effort to get free. This she stood till her husband struck a light. "stand firm," said he as soon as he saw her terrible situation: and the strong-nerved lady did so until he had taken a razor and, putting it down close to her feet, cut the snake's head off.

Masculinities.

Friend: And are you now out of danger? Invalid: Not yet. The doctor says he'll pay me two or three more visits.

A.: What a benevolent look old Mr. Podds has! B.: H'm! I'll bet he wastes the time of more beggars than any other man in town!

"What sweet satisfaction it is," said she, "to have a friend you can trust." "And, oh, what a convenience it is," replied Hardup, "to have a friend who will trust you."

A Wabash college boy, having been admitted to the same fraternity to which his father belonged, introduced his next request for a remittance with: "Dear Father and Brother."

In the early days of the eighteenth century the consumption of beer in England amounted to forty-three gallons per inhabitant. In 1888 the proportion stood at twenty-seven gallons.

Someone having lavishly lauded the poet Longfellow's aphorism, "suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed that it was merely a variation of the old English adage, "Grin and bear it."

Dean Pigou, of Bristol, Eng., can endure having letters addressed to him as Dr. Pique, Peiken, Pigon, Pagon, Pigour, Pickles, Peggue and Puegon, but objects to being called the Rev. Dr. Pagan after having been forty years in orders.

Advanced domestic servants who read Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer have been discovered by the Daily Telegraph in London. It has also found a cook who took a Latin prize at the Polytechnic, and a housemaid who passed a university extension geometry examination.

The city of Duluth, Minn., has a policeman, Royal McKenzie by name, whose actual height is 6 feet 10½ inches and weight 265 pounds. As he appears on the street he measures 7 feet 3½ inches to the top of his helmet. He was born in Ontario, is 26 years old, and says he has not yet stopped growing.

Cases against George Washington appear here and there in the civil docket, recently unearthed in the courthouse, at Greensburg, Pa. No less than three claims were entered against him during the year 1787 to compel him to pay taxes. The humorous clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked: "George Washington, esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

Mr. Huncker tells a story of Herbert Spencer playing billiards with an antagonist, who ran out without giving the philosopher a chance to handle his cue. "Sir," said Mr. Spencer, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind, but adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a misspent youth."

A young man entered a fashionable church and finding no ushers took a seat. A pompous man presently came in and took the same pew. After fidgeting about nervously the pompous person took out a card, wrote on it and handed it to the young man, who read: "Do you know that I pay $400 for this pew?" The young man handed the card back with this legend: "It is worth it."

The diary of the famous Baron Friedrich von der Trenck, which purports to be written with his own blood whilst a prisoner at Magdeburg, was recently on sale. It is inscribed on 240 pages of an illuminated Bible presented to Trenck in 1760 by the Princess Amalie, sister of Frederick the Great, and includes, besides a number of poems and letters, various social, political, and philosophical treatises, and a history of the prisoner's life, which ended in 1791 on the guillotine. He was condemned to death by Robespierre as a secret agent of foreign governments.

The younger Dumas, exasperated by the particularly severe criticisms of a noted journalist on his famous father's work, sent two chums to arrange for a duel with the critic. Calmly the journalist listened to what they had to say. When they had concluded he called a servant, directing him to tell his son to come to the study. "Gentlemen," said he, "as this appears to be an affair of sons, and not of fathers, etiquette would seem to demand that you should arrange your matter with my son. He will be here directly, and no doubt will give you the satisfaction you wish." So saying he left the room, and a moment later the journalist's son entered—a child of 3 years, in the arms of his nurse.

On one occasion Edwin Booth, the actor, was standing behind the scenes, when a character-actor, who had been giving imitations of noted actors, was about to respond to an encore.

"Whom do you imitate next?" Booth asked.

"Well," was reply, "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on, I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it."

"Suppose I imitate myself," remarked the tragedian; and, hastily putting on the actor's wig, and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well-known lines. The next morning a newspaper stated that the imitation ruined the performance, "the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Transparent effects stand at the head of the list of specialities in fashion and it is almost a necessity to have at least one gown which shows a gleam of colored lining through its meshes if you would be quite up to date.

Every sort of transparent material is in fashion. Canvas presents a variety in weave and effect which is not surpassed by any other fabric. Grenadines of every description, both plain and fancy, are very much worn, and grass lawn, in the sheer fine silky quality, seems to be quite as popular as ever, although authorities in Paris declare that it has had its day.

Very elaborate gowns are made of it, however, and the colored silk linings display to perfection the lovely batiste embroideries with which they are trimmed. Barege is another very desirable material, and a new veiling very much like the old nun's veiling is one of the most attractive fabrics of the season.

It is very soft and clinging, an element in its favor which is highly appreciated by Parisians, and it also, in some instances, has narrow hemstitched border which helps out the scheme of trimming, making a very simple serviceable gown, or a dressy one, as you choose, a light or dark color.

Satin ribbon, in narrow widths, trims these dresses very prettily and is put in graduated widths on the skirt, or ribbon four or five inches wide may be used as a ruffle down the two front and back seams, beginning at a point at the bottom and gradually widening to the full width at the hips, where it extends across from the front to the back. Fancy ribbons, with contrasting edges, are used in this way, and it is pretty to have the ribbon match the gown in color, with a half-inch border of black satin on the edge.

These wide fancy edged ribbons are also used for bretelle effects, being gathered over the shoulders and tapering to a point at the waist, back and front. Wide ribbons in checked designs, with contrasting satin edges, are also used as a skirt trimming, sown on plain a little above the bottom edge.

The variety in these fancy ribbons covers every imaginable color and design, and suggests all sorts of possibilities for their use as a dress trimming.

Transparent effects are not confined to the plain materials, for there are pretty novelties in brocaded designs which are transparent here and there. A pretty example of the use of this is in a blue and green mixture made over green and white shot silk.

Mauve gauze forms the sash, which has a fringe of gold and silver colored silk on the ends. White silk and the mauve gauze form rosettes on the waist.

Gauze materials are in great demand this season for all sorts of trimmings, sashes, fichus, chemisettes, and entire dresses, and among the Liberty gauzes there are two new varieties called Agra gauze and Daighall crepe. The former has a soft, silky sheen, and the latter is recommended as a good substitute for chiffon.

The latest thing in summer capes is made of lace over a colored taffeta lining well fitted to the shoulders. It may be black or cream lace, as you prefer, and it is gathered a little around the neck to make it fit.

It is finished at the neck with a ruche of lace and ribbon, and on the edge with lace ruffles over one of taffeta. This little bit of frivolity is very short, extending only half way down the arm, and the whole effect is very fluffy.

If you would have your mull grenadine and net gowns quite complete you must have a little cape made of the same material to match each one. Rows of white Valenciennes insertion alternating with bands of tucked chiffon over a yellow lining form one little confection of this kind, and the edge is a ruffle of lace with one of silk underneath.

Pique gowns have little capes as well as jackets to match, and the heavier guipure lace and Irish point embroidery are used for trimming. Some very pretty capes of black net are seen among the brighter varieties, and they are simmed with jet and ruffles of the net, with several rows of narrow black satin ribbon sewn on each one.

In general appearance the latest summer millinery is much less fantastic in character and coloring than it was in the early spring, now that white and yellow straw hats have the lead, and white wings, white lilacs and dainty chiffon are the favorite trimmings.

Light transparent effects are sought after in millinery as in all other departments of dress, and Neapolitan and zephyr braids are prettiest of all. But there are all sorts of fancy braids, and then the old-fashioned leghorns trimmed lavishly with white feathers, are worn again, with pale ecru Panamas trimmed with various flowers, tulle and wings bringing up the end of the line.

Black hats are quite as much worn as ever, but the straws in vivid greens, brilliant reds and gorgeous purples worn early in the season look out of place with the dainty light gowns.

One of the special features of the summer millinery is that the hats should be one line of color, with as much white as may suit the fancy. The motley combinations of two months ago have worn out their popularity.

Turquoise blue or yellow chiffon, with white wings and white lilacs on a white Neapolitan hat, makes about the daintiest head-gear a woman can wear. White corn flowers with blue centres and blue forget me-nots are very popular just at the moment.

One rather striking leghorn hat has a wreath of green oats, a bow of green antique satin ribbon, and two black ostrich feathers standing up on one side.

White chiffon and tulle hats, with white ostrich feathers, are worn with thin white gowns, and pretty little toques are made of black lace over white tulle, and trimmed with pale blue chiffon rosettes, a white ibis wing and a black aigrette.

Another very dainty toque is made of yellow silk straw and lace insertion, radiating from the crown in alternating bands, and black ostrich feathers, yellow and white rosettes of chiffon and tea roses are the trimming.

Strings of velvet and of lace ribbon or tulle are a feature of some of the latest hats and toques, and all the newest hats have higher crowns than were shown in the early part of the season. Very pretty and simple hats of yellow straw, in the round shape, turned up the back, are trimmed with yellow or pink roses and a bunch of black quills at one side.

A collar of the muslin and silk turns down around the shoulders, and the vest and belt showing above and below the bolero are made of three shades of green taffeta ribbon.

A blue and white foulard in one style shows a very peculiar style of bodice made of finely tucked bands of the silk, between puffings of white net, which are outlined with narrow frills of net, edged with a tiny hem of the blue and white silk. Insertions of net with the same little frills trim the skirt, and white ribbon finishes the waist.

This gown is certainly one good example of the immense amount of hand-work there is on the most fashionable costumes this season. The applications of lace, the frills, puffings and tucks are all done by hand, so it is labor, rather than the price of materials, which increases the cost of our gowns.

A pretty wool dress with plaited skirt has the youthful pouch bodice with revers of holland, embroidered with mauve and white and a white chiffon vest and bow at the neck.

There are no end of pretty black and white effects this season, and one which is nothing if not unique is a gown with a skirt of white silk covered with black maltese lace to the knee, and below this there are two deep flounces of black and white striped silk.

The bodice is a little coat of white silk covered with the black lace and a vest of white chiffon crossed with bands of turquoise blue velvet fastened with diamond buttons.

The latest sleeve is cut in one piece, small gigot shape. Two plaits are folded at the elbow on the under side, and the seam is arranged well under the arm, while plaits in front at the top throw up a little fulness which forms the puff. Another fancy is a sleeve tucked the entire length of the inside seam about two inches in from either side, giving the full effect to the outside without gathering.

Transparent effects play a large part in summer millinery, and mull, chiffon, net and tulle are shirred into the prettiest shaped hats, with both lightness in color and weight to recommend them to favor.

A gray feather boa is one of the necessities of a fashionable outfit just at present.

Ribbon belts made of two lengths of ribbon folded and crossed on the hips so that they form points back and front are a useful accessory of dress, since they are boned and hooked in front, and, consequently, are always in place.

Lace is more in demand than ever, and the woman, who has a lot of real lace si to be envied. Yet the imitations are exquisitely fine, and the art of producing pretty effects with inexpensive lace is well known to the dressmakers.

Swiss embroidered muslin of the finest kind is made up into dainty summer gowns over silk linings, and pretty figured lawns are tucked from the knee to the deep hem as they were years ago.

A homespun wool material in a new weave, very loose and thin like grenadine, is in the market. It comes in stripes and is made up over the inevitable taffeta silk lining.

Chiffon dresses, once worn exclusively for evening, have appeared among the day gowns, and pink, yellow, green, mauve and white chiffon is made up with gathered or accordion-plaited flounces to the waist.

One pretty afternoon gown of pale green has a black lace applique trimming all around the skirt and up each side of the front breadth. A second skirt of chiffon is necessary for good effect over the inner skirt of silk.

Odds and Ends.

SOME HINTS CONCERNING THE TOILET.

Tooth Powder.—(1) Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold, add one teaspoonful of the spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water, and applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, arrests decays, induces healthy action of the gums, and makes the teeth pearly white.

(2) The dark colored substance which collects on neglected teeth cannot be removed with a brush and water. Pulverized charcoal will take it off, but this scratches the enamel and leads to decay of the tooth.

A better substance is pumice stone in powder. Dip a pine stick into it, and scour the teeth. After this treatment the daily use of the tooth brush and tepid water will be sufficient.

(3) A good way to clean teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine white castile soap, then dip it in prepared chalk. A lady says: "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth, as the chalk is prepared, but with a good stiff brush and the soap, is as effectual as soap and sand on a floor.

(4) Mix six ounces of the tincture of Peruvian bark with half an ounce of sal ammoniac. Shake it well before using. Take a spoonful and hold it near the teeth; then with a finger dipped into it, rub the gums and teeth, which must afterward be washed with warm water. The tincture cures the toothache, preserves the teeth and gums, and makes them adhere to each other.

(5) Prepared chalk, one pound; camphor, one or two drachms. The camphor must be finely powdered, by moistening it with a little spirits of wine, and then intimately mixed with the chalk.

(6) Ingredients: Powdered charcoal, four ounces; powdered yellow bark, two ounces; powdered myrrh, one ounce; orris root, half an ounce.

(7) Ten cents' worth ground chalk, five cents' worth orris root, five cents' worth myrrh, one teaspoonful powdered castile soap. Mix all well together.

(8) A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will prove an admirable cleanser.

Freckles.—(1) Freckles are easily removed by the following treatment, but the directions must be followed regularly: Five grains corrosive sublimate, two ounces alcohol, four ounces water. Apply two or three times during the day. At night use the following ointment: One ounce of white wax, one teacupful of nice white lard, lump of camphor the size of a chestnut, one teaspoonful of glycerine.

Put the wax and camphor in a tin to melt, crumbling the camphor; when melted, add the other ingredients. Stir thoroughly, and pour into molds which have been dipped in water. This recipe will be found to remove pimples as well as tan and freckles.

(2) A good freckle lotion for the cure of freckles, tan, or sun-burned face or hands is made thus: Take half a pound of clear ox-gall, half a drachm each of camphor and burned alum, one drachm of borax, two ounces of rock salt, and the same of rock candy. This should be mixed and shaken well several times a day for three weeks, or till the gall becomes transparent; then strain it very carefully through filtering paper, which may be had of the druggist. Apply to the face during the day, and wash off at night.

(3) Wash in fresh buttermilk every morning, and rinse the face in tepid water; then use a soft towel. Freckles may also be removed by applying to the face a solution of nitre and water. Another good wash for freckles is made by dissolving three grains of borax in five drachms each rose water and orange flower water. There are many remedies for freckles, but there is none that will banish them entirely.

(4) Take one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, and half a drachm of sugar. Mix and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days, then rub it on the face and hands night and morning. Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice would equal an ounce.

(5) Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange flower water, or one ounce of rose water; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful. Mix. To be used after washing.

(6) Take grated horseradish and put in very sour milk. Let it stand four hours; then wash the face night and morning.

Caramel.—Make caramel by putting into an old steel frying-pan one cupful of granulated sugar, stir till dark brown, and add two cupfuls of hot water. When dissolved let it cool, and bottle for use.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

A PAIN REMEDY.

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In using medicines to stop pain, we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, when the patient loses the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it masks the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

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THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES

No matter how violent or excruciating the pains the Rheumatic, Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

A CURE FOR

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

No bad after effects (which are invariably the sequel of dosing with opium, etc.,) will follow the use of Radway's Ready Relief, but the bowels will be left in a healthy normal condition.

A half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatuency and all Internal pains.

MALARIA,

CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible foe to settlers in newly settled districts, where the Malaria or Ague exists, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a glass of water, and eat, say, a cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarial, bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Be Sure to Get "Radway's."

Frou-Frou.

BY T. E.

WHEN Robert Moore walked into the drawing-room of Mr. Duncan's house a pretty petite figure, clad in blue velvet, emerged from one corner of the sofa. Simultaneously a dumpy bundle of long curly white hair, the pet poodle of pretty Beatrix Aldrich, and our hero's particular aversion, flew at him with a salute of short, snapping barks.

"Frou-Frou!" cried Miss Trix, reproachfully. "Come here, you naughty doggy! Don't mind her, Robert. She won't bite."

Nevertheless, Frou-Frou had caught hold of the leg of Robert's trousers, and was worrying her sharp little teeth through the cloth. Robert shook her off with a smothered explanation of disgust. He hated poodles, and this one in particular.

Frou-Frau, being flung off with considerable force, fell against the piano-leg, and forthwith set up a howl.

"I wish you wouldn't be so rough with her, Robert," said Trix, gathering up her pet and cuddling it fondly. "Poor little Frou-Frou. It was an abused doggy, so it was, and Trix won't let them knock it around so."

"I don't see why you always keep that little beast around you, Trix," said Robert, savagely.

"I keep it because I want to."

"If it were only good for something besides snapping at one's heels I wouldn't mind. But it is such a stupid, ugly little brute!"

"Ugly!" echoed Trix, indignantly. "I don't see how you can say that! Frou-Frou is a very pretty dog. Everybody says so. But you never did like her, Robert. I suppose it is not to be expected that you would, when Captain Ellis gave her to me."

The last was said with a vindictive little fling, that brought the color flaming into Robert Moore's face.

"You know what I think about your accepting presents from gentlemen, Beatrix," he said, shortly. "But, never since we have been engaged," this with angry emphasis, "have you shown the slightest regard for what I think or say in such matters."

"Well," said Trix, with a rebellious pout, "you are always asking such absurd things. You know I wouldn't give up Frou-Frou for anyone—nor for anybody in the world!"

"Did I ever ask you to give up Frou-Frou?"

"Well, you've been awfully disagreeable about the poor, dear darling."

"I shall be very careful what I say hereafter."

The tone in which he spoke made Miss Trix look up quickly, and her sunny blue eyes clouded.

"Don't look at me in that way, Robert," she cried. "You know I don't like you to look like that."

"Do you think you really know what you do want, Beatrix?" he said, impatiently, as he walked up and down the room.

"Don't call me Beatrix!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "I hate to be called Beatrix, and you—you've called me that tw—twice."

Robert looked out of the window, then at the little sobbing figure on the sofa. She was hardly more than a child, and he, he sometimes thought, would be anything else, yet how this great, strong man did love her!

It was folly to quarrel with her, anyhow. A wave of tenderness swept over Robert's heart, and, obeying its warm impulse, he took Miss Trixy in his arms.

"Don't cry, darling!" he said, brushing the golden curls away from the flushed tear-wet face. "Dry your eyes. There! you're making them all red, and I have come to take you down to the flower-show. Run along and get your hat on." It took about fifteen minutes of alternate kissing, petting, and cajolery, to drive away the clouds from Trix's face. She tripped away smiling at last, with Frou-Frou following her. At the end of ten minutes more, she came back in a jaunty blue velvet jacket and Tam O'Shanter cap, carrying a pretty feather muff and Miss Frou-Frou.

Robert's face clouded instantly.

"Trix," he said, "you are not going to take that—that dog with you?"

"Why, of course!" I always take Frou-Frou."

"And when I am with you?"

"Why, Robert!" she exclaimed in a grieved tone. "I thought you said you were going to be good to me."

"I am, if you will let me. But I object most distinctly to that poodle. I am not going along the street with you, if you carry Frou-Frou. If there if anything I detest, it is to see a woman going along with a dog under her arm,"

"Very well," said Trix, sitting down, with a stubborn look on her baby face. "You can go alone, then. Frou-Frou and I must go together, it we go at all—musn't we, Frou-Frou?"

"Am I to understand, then," said Robert, "that you refuse to leave the dog behind?"

"Yes."

"Then I must bid you good-morning," he said, curtly; and, before Trix was aware of it, he had stalked out of the room, banged the front door and was gone.

Trix sat still for a moment or two, actually dumfounded; then she broke out in a savage soliloquy:

"The idea! I suppose he thinks I am going to give way to him in everything. If I began that way I couldn't call my soul my own when we were married. Catch me letting any man domineer over me so! No, Mr. Robert! you can't do that. I have as much right to my way as you have to yours, and I'm going to have it."

With this rebellious speech, Miss Trix flounced upstairs and took off her things. The next day, a messenger was despatched to the office of Mr. Robert Moore, with the following communication:

"MR. ROBERT MOORE:

"I am satisfied that we have made a mistake. We could never be happy together, and it is better for us to separate than to risk a life of infelicity. (Trix thought this sounded very well.) I return to you your ring, begging you will consider our engagement at an end. When you receive this I shall have left Mr. Duncan's. I am going to travel, so that we may perhaps never meet again. Good-bye. I shall never marry; but I wish you much happiness.

"BEATRIX BLANCHE ALDRICH."

When Robert got this note, he sprang into a cab and dashed off to Mr. Duncan's. Miss Dolly Duncan received him rather haughtily. She was evidently in Trix's confidence, and sided with her.

"Miss Aldrich has gone to London," she said coldly. "I cannot give you her address."

Robert bit his lip. Trix was in earnest, then? He went home, packed his valise, and took the next train for London. As he sat in the smoking carriage, vainly trying to puff away his discomfiture, he said:

"If I can only see her I am sure I can bring her to reason. But how shall I find her?"

There had been a time when Robert had dreamed of the woman who was to be his wife—a splendid regal creature, at whose feet he was willing to prostrate himself, in adoration of her rare intellectuality and strong womanhood.

Why should he care, if Trixy Aldrich had thrown him over for a wooly white poodle? What a fool he had been to give her the chance! And yet there was something about her, childish as she often seemed, that had, for him, an inexpressible charm. After all, she was for him the one woman in the whole world. Hence, he was thundering along on his way to London, pursued by a cruel fear that he would not find her, and thinking that if he only had that wilful golden head resting on his shoulder again he could somehow bring her to reason.

The next morning he woke up in his room at the hotel, and made up his mind that he would inspect all the West-end hotels, to see where Trix had gone. He did this; but he could not find her. At last, coming out one day, he was moodily thinking he might as well go home, when an incident occurred which at once changed all his plans.

The street was thronged with vehicles, and Robert was standing on the curb, waiting for a chance to cross, when suddenly, from among the crowd on the pavement, out darted a fluffy white poodle, with blue ribbon on its collar. The dog was evidently lost; for it ran helplessly first one way and then the other; and finally, in a fit of bewilderment, dashed right in among the passing carriages.

Poor little dog—it was frightened to death; and surely the wheels would have crushed it utterly had not Robert rushed forward, with a sudden feeling of pity, caught up the poor dog, and passed with it to the other side. There he stood, looking round for the owner of the poodle. But no one was forthcoming.

Meantime, he saw that the dog had not wholly escaped—there was blood on its white coat. Evidently it was hurt internally.

"I think it's lost," said a big policeman, who came up and began at once to speculate about a possible reward. "Better take it home with you."

Robert looked ruefully at the soft little bundle of wool, which was spattered all over with mud, with here and there a stain of blood.

One would have thought that he would have turned the poodle over to the policeman's care. But our hero was one who could never resist the sight of suffering, in a brute; and the dumb pitiful appeal in the dog's eyes moved him beyond belief.

"Poor little dog," he said, "I'm afraid it's badly hurt."

"Better take it home, sir, and send for a doctor," repeated the policeman. "It may pull through yet."

"It looks to me," answered Robert, "as if it were hurt internally—and fatally."

Before the policeman could reply a sudden shriek was heard, and a delicate girlish figure came rushing along the pavement. On hearing the shriek, the poodle looked as if it recognized a familiar tone; its dim eyes brightened when it saw who uttered them, it struggly faintly, as if to escape from Robert's arms.

"Oh, my peor darling!" cried the newcomer. "What has happened? Are you hurt? Why did you run away? Please, sir, give her to——"

Up to this moment, in her excitement, the speaker had seen only the dog. She now recognized Robert. She stopped, flushing painfully.

"I rescued her from under a carriage-wheel, dear," said her lover; for it was Trix who had rushed up; "but alas! too late, I fear. I am so sorry." As he spoke, he put the dog tenderly into the girl's arms.

"Oh! oh!" cried Trix, "my poor Frou-Frou! I had gone into a shop, you see," she said, turning to Robert, as if half apologetically, "leaving her in the carriage. She sprang out, ran away, and got lost; and now, now——"

She burst into tears. The dog saw it, and looked up at her with infinite sympathy in its eyes, as if it knew and would gladly share her trouble. Robert was inexpressibly softened.

"Let me take you and Frou-Frou to your carriage," he said kindly. "Let me see you home. Perhaps Frou-Frou is not so much hurt, after all."

Could the dog understand? Whether it could or not, it looked from one to the other with a look that seemed to say it knew better; then, sinking back, with a moan, into the arms of its mistress, it lay there motionless.

It did not stir, even when they reached the carriage; but, before they had gone many streets, it suddenly gave a shiver, opened its eyes, looked up at his mistress pitifully, sighed, and sank back. Poor Frou-Frou was dead.

Over her grave the lovers forgot their estrangement. If she had separated them while living, in death she reunited them. Trix, weeping on Robert's shoulder, forgot her anger at him; Robert, soothing her, forgot her pettishness and injustice.

She yielded to his kisses, no longer now rejecting them; she smiled thankfully when he replaced the betrothal-ring on her finger. She murmured:

"Oh, how kind you were to poor Frou-Frou. How shall I ever repay you?"

Trix, after that, never had another favorite. She has long been married, and is the happiest of wives and mothers.

With her children's arms about her neck, and their kisses on her cheeks, and the love of her husband, she has nothing more, she says, to ask for in this world. You would hardly know her for the wilful childish Trix of the old days.

MUST HAVE THEIR NAMES BIG. "There are often some very curious clauses in theatrical agreements of which the public have little knowledge," said a well known dramatic agent.

"One of the most common stipulations on the part of a well-known actor is that his name shall never appear on any bills except in letters of a certain height, and even of a certain type and color, it being further agreed that in no case shall the lettering of the name of anyone else approach within a certain fixed proportion. Should portrait lithographs be put out, the 'star' stipulates that ten of of his pictures shall be sent forth to one of anybody else's, and, although few outsiders know this, actresses often bind down the management to present them with a given number of bouquets—that seem to come from enthusiastic members of the audience, of course—during a certain period, no other lady of the company to be allowed to publicly receive anything like such number.

"The name of the 'star,' too, must always appear either at the beginning or ending of any list of names, and on no account shall any performer be allowed to 'take a curtain' save by permission of the said 'star,' and no other member of the company shall have more than a given number of songs or 'lengths' of a dialogue.

"The 'star' shall choose his own parts, and at the end of the season he shall have a presentation—so far as the public know, given in the gratitude of the manager's heart—from the management.

"The agreements about dress, traveling expenses, and so on, are often ridiculous, and I could tell you of one case only last summer where a 'star' stipulated that four first-class railway tickets should always be at his service for his attendants. He and his dresser took two thirds always and saved the difference.

"I could tell you of another case—this clause, by the way, is common—where so many circle and stall tickets were to be assigned to the 'star' nightly for his 'friends.' He sold them at the libraries when possible, but in case of failure had them hawked about by an agent, although his salary was enormous."

MORE QUEER HIDING-PLACES.—The fondness of our grandfathers and grandmothers for queer hiding-places for their savings is not yet obsolete in country districts.

Some of the old-time "banks" have been brought to light show considerable ingenuity in their construction or covering.

An old lady living in a rural town had a set of large stationary drawers topped by cupboards built into one of her huge closets. The lower drawer, instead of resting directly on the floor, ran on grooves perhaps two inches above it. She would pull out this lower drawer, place her jewel-case in the space left below, and then push in the drawer, which she kept filled with linen.

Equally shrewd was another old country woman, who, whenever she went out, put her money and jewelry in the coal-scuttle, covering them up carefully with several layers of coal.

This might have proved a rather risky experiment in the winter months, when the fire had to be fed, but their owner felt that no burglar would ever think of looking there.

A favorite hiding place for money, especially for bank-notes, has always been the big family Bible. This is still common in rural places. So is the practice of sticking money snugly away under a corner of a carpet, particularly beneath some large piece of furniture. This is a method that has much to commend it.

Tea-caddies and sugar-bowls, too, make excellent temporary safes. Another hiding place is the old-fashioned country clock, which is almost historic as a spot for tucking away little bundles of valuables.

The pocket of an old dress that hangs in an unconcealed way in a closet is regarded by many women as one of the safest places imaginable for spare rings, brooches, and bracelets, and even for a pocket-book.

Old shoes, standing in their proper place beside new ones, are likewise much esteemed, for a great deal can be put in their toes without giving the slightest evidence of the value therein.

THE CONJURER ASTONISHED.—Mr. Charles Bertram, the well-known prestidigitateur, tells some very interesting stories in his recent Reminiscences. Among them he relates how one of his most ingenious tricks had an unexpected ending, more amusing to the spectators than to the performer.

He had borrowed a ring from a lady in the audience, and jokingly requested her to place a value upon it. This she did, assessing it at £20. He then tied a piece of ribbon to it, placed the ring on a plate in full view of the audience, and proceeded to make an omelette.

Having mixed the ingredients, he threw the ring and the ribbon into them, and pouring a little spirits upon them, went through the make-believe of cooking the omelette in a pan.

On setting fire to the spirit there is a blaze, and a lid is placed upon the pan. When the lid is removed, instead of an omelette, a dove is found with the identical ring attached to its neck by a ribbon.

"All went well until I removed the cover of the pan," continues Mr. Bertram. "There was the dove sure enough, with the ring tied to its neck; but during the applause of the audience, the dove flew up, winged its way round the hall, and dashed out of an open window into Piccadilly. I never saw it or the ring again."

The conjurer mournfully adds that he had to make the best of a bad bargain and pay the lady £20 as a compensation for her loss.

Humorous.

WEED AND SEED.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,
It mused, "Shall I come out?"
It criticized each and every flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour
And found itself a weed.

To raise a beard, first get your razor.

Summer traveling soot—Railway cinders.

Attached to his work—The chained convict.

Divorce lawyers are obliged to ask many knotty questions.

Bent on getting there—The bicycle rider and the contortionist.

No matter where he hides, the freckle-faced criminal is sure to be spotted.

The man who stutters may be truthful, and yet he often breaks his word.

The fellow who offers to share his umbrella with a girl in a storm is a sort of rain bean.

One can't judge of the average boy's intellect by the little evidence of mind he gives when his mother speaks to him.

He, after the ball: I hope you have had a pleasant evening?

She: Oh, delightful! I am completely exhausted.

Magistrate: Is the prisoner known to be a pickpocket?

Policeman: Your honor, I think he is just getting his hand in.

"Papa, how do people in the Weather Bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?"

"I didn't know that they did, my son."

He: Do you think absence makes the heart grow fonder?

She: I don't know; go away for a long time, and I'll write and let you know.

"Did Willoughby carry much life insurance?"

"Yes; that's what killed him. He worked himself to death earning money to pay the premiums."

Smith: I see that a bullet from one of those new rifles will kill six men, standing one behind another.

Thompson: You don't say! In that case, a man might just as well go to the front.

"I know," said Mrs. Barlow, "that it isn't filthy that is quarrelsome. Why, he will play here all day by himself, and I never hear a word, but just as soon as some little boy comes, there is a fight going on."

"Professor, why does a cat, when eating, turn her head first one way and then another?"

"For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

"Do you think you are expert enough to take dictation for that author?" asked one typewriter of another.

"I guess so. If I find I am falling behind, I'll tell him it was because I got interested in his story."

Smith: Who is that lady with the pale-blue dress? She's a beauty!

Jones: That is Mrs. Tompkins—an awfully clever woman. Makes a specialty of—one in a hundred!

Smith: Good gracious! You don't mean to tell me her husband's a Mormon?

"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickleby. "He spends two hours a day at it."

"Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?"

"Oh, as for that, I told him he'd be cut a lot of everything he wanted for Christmas, and he's stuck to it."

Mrs. Henpeck, to Mr. H., who is reading: Your little son has just asked you a question, and you didn't even notice him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I shall——

Mr. Henpeck: I didn't hear him.

Mrs. Henpeck: Oh, no; you never hear when a member of your own family speaks to you. You are deaf to the very ones you should love and cherish most! Is——

Mr. Henpeck: What does he want to know?

Mrs. Henpeck: He asked you what a hermit was.

Mr. Henpeck: A hermit, my son, is a man who loves peace and quiet.

The parson extended the box to Bill, and he slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give something," said the parson.

"Can't do it," said he.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" said he.

"Yes, good enough; but I am not able to give anything," said Bill.

"Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money, and I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe heaven a larger debt than you owe any one else."

"That's true, parson, but heaven don't push me as the rest of my creditors."

CRIPPLE LAW-BREAKERS.

"Are there many criminals blind, lame, or otherwise afflicted?" the writer recently asked an ex-convict, being moved thereto by seeing a one-legged man stumping along in a string of released prisoners.

"Any number," was the reply, "and some of them are very clever, too. One of the very smartest pickpockets I ever came across in my life is paralysed on one side; and I saw in prison not long ago a burglar who couldn't run to save his life, simply because he can't move without a stick.

"Then there's a good many wooden-legged fellows who fetch men down by catching them in the stomach with their prop. I once saw that done to a policeman, who was off duty for a week or two afterwards.

"There are even thieves without hands. I know one myself—a fellow who has lost both—and yet he goes through people's pockets as thoroughly as anybody with the usual number of fingers.

"When he's working alone, his crutch comes in very handy. One blow with that and his victim is down. Then he takes away the man's watch and guard with the hook at the end of his right arm and transfers it to his own pocket.

"Next he rips open the prostrate individual's pockets with the same useful instrument, picking up the money in his mouth. Although he is such a cripple, he misses nothing.

"To give you an idea what a murderous thief he is, I recollect two policeman trying to arrest him. One snatched his crutch away, thinking he would be helpless then; but was he!

"He got up against a wall, and directly the officers came for him he hit out, sending both to the ground, and making havoc with one by the aid of that dangerous hook. It took about half a dozen policemen to get him to the station that time.

"I have also known a blind thief. When I was in a certain county prison he was serving a sentence for highway robbery. You would hardly credit it, but he was one of the most desperate fellows in the place.

"Over and over again he was in trouble for bad conduct. You wouldn't think, either, that he could overpower anybody and rob him; but he did. He met somebody on a desolate road, where he was tapping his way along. I daresay the man spoke to him. Very likely he would pity him. Anyhow, the thief threw himself on the man, stunned him with his stick, and then rifled his pockets.

"Yes, there are many blind and crippled criminals—thousands, I should think.

"Prison" Well, in local ones the blind, the cripples, and the paralysed are not kept in solitary confinement; they are put in the association ward, where they have company and can talk to each other. The blind are not obliged to do anything in the way of work, but to pass time they knit stockings and pick oakum.

"The others may be put to mat-making or something of that kind. I know a one-armed fellow in for robbery, who could do nearly anything. He used to make the landing as clean as could any man with two hands.

"Most 'doctor's men' who get long sentences are sent to Parkhurst, which, of course, is the invalid station. There, also, the blind pick oakum, knit stockings, and so on, while the cripples carry water and do similar jobs.

"Things are easy there; most of the men only potter about—keep moving. But down at Portland cripples—the blind never go there, or, at least, I never saw any—are simply classed as 'light labor men,' and have a harder time of it, in the winter, if not all the year round, than the able-bodied who work in the quarries.

"What they do is to break stone—granite. There is no task set; they are not obliged to do so much in a day; but, for all that, they must keep knocking. Perhaps there will be eighteen or twenty in a gang, one of them wheeling the stone away as it is broken, and they have to keep moving.

"The first drawback to their lot is that they get only light-labor diet, which is just enough to make a man feel hungry. For breakfast they are given eight ounces of bread and three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, and for dinner on Monday three ounces of meat, ten ounces of potatoes, four ounces of bread, and half a pint of liquor soup, as the water that the meat is boiled in is called.

"Now, hard-labor men are entitled to have for dinner on the same day five ounces of meat, one pound of potatoes, six ounces of bread, and half a pint of liquor—a difference in their favor, you see, of ten ounces of food at one meal.

"Then the work, which is carried on in the open air, is awful in winter. I have frequently seen the men crying with cold. In '95 the poor wretches did suffer. The warders had to get them to their feet every now and then, put the handcuffs on, and let them walk about to warm themselves.

"Gloves, made of the same material as the trousers, were served out to them; but they were not of much use. A lot of the men went into hospital with chilblains, frost-bitten ears, and other complaints.

"And yet even these fellows break out sometimes. While I was at Portland, one of them, when they were returning from work, attacked another prisoner in the gang, and knocked him about a bit before the warders could interfere.

"The fellow did not offer to hit back, as I have seen convicts do. Sometimes there is a regular fight in the quarries, and when the warders are going to part the men, one of the chiefs will shout, 'Let them alone. Let them have it out, or they'll startagain when they get a chance.'

"So, as there was no set-to in this case, the fellow was tried for assault and had a bit more put on his sentence. What an ass he was! When he attacked that man he had less than a month longer to serve."

DON'T WEAR VEILS.—"If women only appreciated the risks they run by wearing veils, they would soon discontinue the practice," says a doctor.

"Headaches are a frequent result, the direct cause of them being due to the fact that the eyes are under a continual strain through having to see through or round some object, and this strain, if kept up for a sufficient length of time, of course, brings about more serious consequences.

"Almost every specialist will agree that the wearing of veils is most injurious to the eyes. Some of them, however, contend that a healthy eye in a healthy body can resist the strain so long as to render the danger almost inoperative, yet even these gentlemen admit that not one person in a hundred possesses these advantages.

"But no one denies that if the eye be naturally weak, or be weakened in any manner, the wearing of veils will be followed immediately by hurtful results. Indeed, I am convinced that hundreds of women are now suffering from nervous disorders directly traceable to their vanity, though it is only fair to presume that they are also ignorant of their folly.

"It has been urged in defence of veils that they are required to retain the hat in place, to keep the hair in order, and also to protect the face from direct contact with the wind; but even if all this be admitted there seems to be no excuse for the folly of reading through them, a sight often witnessed in railway cars."

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.

No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also, DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorton writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorton has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Nov. 26, '88. NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD,
1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 7.03, 10.20, 11.01, a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.08, 4.35, 6.00, 8.24 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sundays 4.00, 10.20 a m, 12.00, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24, 11.58 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00 (dining car), 6.00, 7.00, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 (dining car), 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.25, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.30, 4.20, 7.30, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m daily and 4.20 p m Sunday, do not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.06, 6.00, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.06 a m, 1.42, 4.55, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 10.55 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.06, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.55, 6.00, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.06, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m, 7.45 p m. Accom. 7.00 a m.

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For Chambersburg, week-days, 8.35 a m, 4.06 p m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.06, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

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For Danville and Bloomsburg, week-days, 10.10 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut St. and South St. Wharves—Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 1.30 (Saturdays only), 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.00, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

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FOR CAPE MAY, OCEAN CITY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Chestnut street, 9.15 a m., South street, 9.00 a m. Additional for Cape May, week-days 2.15 p m.

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